Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Editorial

"*POLITICS rest on necessary foundations and can not be treated with levity. Any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting. The theory of politics considers persons and property as the two objects for whose protection government exists. Things have their laws as well as men; and things refuse to be trifled with. Property will be protected. The law may in a mad freak say that all shall have power except the owners of property: they shall have no vote. When the rich are outvoted, as frequently happens, it is the joint treasury of the poor which suffers.*

"*The vice of our leading parties in this country is that they do not plant themselves on the deep and necessary grounds to which they are respectively entitled, but lash themselves to fury in the carrying of some local or momentary measure, nowise useful to the commonwealth. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless.*"
—Emerson.

Ten dates in 1932 are set down on all calendars found within the borders of the United States as red-letter days. Probably no one day exceeds in importance that one which falls on November 8. The future trend of international, as well as national, well-being will be determined largely by the choice made on that date of a President for the next four years.

If a man is known by the company he keeps, it would be well to recall the influences in Chicago which secured the nomination of Franklin Roosevelt, largely represented by such men as William Randolph Hearst, Senator Huey Long, W. G. McAdoo and Wheeler of Montana. A "deal" resulted which brought about the nomination of "Jack" Garner for Vice-President. Should the Democratic Roosevelt be elected, these men would gather about the throne.

But more important is the silence of this Roosevelt, so unlike the T. R. of thirty years ago, upon such an outstanding issue as the immediate payment of the bonus certificates. Mr. Roosevelt in his search for votes, and in his anxiety to win, welcomes support from any quarter, and is inclined to capitalize the human distress and misery of the de-

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pression and trade upon class prejudice in exploiting the sufferings of the poor. Whereas the unfortunate silence on the bonus becomes the gravest threat to the solvency of the nation, we learn that Mr. Garner proudly asserts that he has never expressed an opinion on the bonus nor does he intend to. There can be no other implication than that encouragement is offered to Congress to reopen the discussion which nearly brought disaster to the country's credit earlier in the year. As recently stated: "the cost to the country of such cowardice may well be colossal."

Had it not been for the courageous position taken by the President and repeated upon the eve of the American Legion Convention within recent weeks, unmindful of the votes which might be lost to him in November, we should be faced with the likelihood that the depression would continue endlessly and unemployment be on the steady increase.

Beneath the motto carried by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for more than a century two people — one a Republican, the other a Democrat, one a woman legislator, the other a man who gives earnest thought to public questions, both of whom have served with distinction in our House of Representatives — argue their "cases" for the chief political parties.

Mrs. Pratt with her arraignment of the Democratic nominee and Mr. Pell with his Seepage Theory and his eloquent plea for free trade—each makes out a "case." Mr. Pell is silent on his candidate's attitude on the bonus as was the platform adopted at the Democratic Convention, though there is little to choose between the platforms of both parties. Both candidates have explicitly stated their views upon Prohibition, though Mr. Hoover may have shown a keener realization of the practical and sound method for dealing with the problem. In any event, so far as the country is concerned, Prohibition is dead.

Mr. Franklin Roosevelt has criticized the two previous Administrations for not checking the inflation of 1928–29. A fair-minded person remarks: "Recalling our mood in the boom days, we can imagine the howl of rage that every business man who hoped for more business would have set up had the Federal Government taken any definite steps to stop expansion." Such action would be destructive and dangerous. Does the Democratic candidate expect one to believe that two such happy spenders as Roosevelt and Garner would have put on the brakes? Certainly, there was nothing in the Democratic performance in Congress last winter to indicate it.

Walter Lippmann, who has not shown warm affection for Mr. Hoover, acknowledges that "the President, in the struggle with Congress and in his dealings with the demoralization of the financial community displayed a great tenacity and a stout heart" and that "it was a shabby performance by Governor Roosevelt when he misrepresented the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in his 'forgotten man' speech and when he licked Mr. Hearst's boots in his League of Nations speech."

The reason that we are not today off the gold standard, with half of our banks closed, with our economic life strangled by credit collapse, lies not so much in the Federal agencies of help which the President devised as in the fight which he put up against the economic quackery of Mr. Garner's Congress. Had Mr. Garner's views prevailed, there would be little gold left in the country today. Confidence began to re-

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turn when Congress adjourned. The Garners and their followers with such ideas as inflation, fiat money, bonus payments, thousands of post offices, unsound and inadequate taxation—on these men squarely rests the blame for the near-collapse of our credit structure in June. Can we imagine the happy Roosevelt fighting a vote-hungry Congress, drunk on economic soothing syrups, withholding the taxpayers' money from the voters? Should we displace the man in the White House with the man called a demagogue by the Democratic candidate of 1928?

The increasing national debt and attendant additional taxes, the municipal debts of thirty-three of the largest cities, which increased about seventy-seven per cent during the last ten years, while the population of those communities increased only twenty per cent, indicate that the world has overlooked the economic law of "diminishing returns" which progressively affects every stratum of society. Reduced incomes of the rich bring misery to the middle classes. To penalize great accumulation of wealth by excessive taxation reacts harmfully upon all classes of people.

Let there be authoritative reply made to the criticism leveled at the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which is "one of the most powerful and well-conceived instrumentalities ever devised to meet the greatest financial crisis that ever confronted this nation. Directly and indirectly, it has been of greater benefit to more individuals in the United States than any other institution. Loans have been authorized to more than twenty per cent of all the banks in the country, these banks having about 15,000,000 of the 40,000,000 bank depositors in the United States." Never before in any nation has such a huge credit set-up been fathered as that which our Government is now sponsoring.

THE reëstablishment of prosperity for America requires a rehabilitated world. Adherence to our policy of debt collection and a tariff barrier at the same time has properly been called "naïve, obsolete and archaic." With the progressive decline in international commerce as trade restrictions and barriers are multiplied, if no relaxation takes place, we are faced with the prospect of almost complete cessation of trade between nations. The decline in international trade, resulting from the disease of the debts, has been approximately ten times the annual total of the whole reparation payments. During the last two years it is estimated that the national income of the United States shrank more than $20,000,000,000 — or over twice the full capital value of all the War debts added together.

Already we have discovered that the Democratic candidate takes his foreign policy from Mr. Hearst, who has rejoiced in twisting the British lion's tail and in being ejected from France. To such a policy Nicholas Murray Butler replies:

> The fundamental and controlling fact is that the world of today is an international world, and that the one sure and quick way of escape from the unemployment, the want and the suffering in which we are all plunged is through international policy and international action.
>
> The three chief obstacles to relieving the depression in the United States, to reducing unemployment, to providing markets for agriculture and industry, and to giving stimulus to commerce and transportation are, first, the restudy and reduction of the so-called intergovernmental War debts; second, the barriers put to international trade of every kind by high and vexatious tariffs and by administrative regulations, and, third, the questions relating

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to the adequacy of the basis of the world's monetary systems under present-day conditions. The cumulative effect of all three of these influences has been and is to throttle international trade of every kind and thereby to exaggerate the depression and its effects in every land. Only three months ago a report submitted by the Finance Committee of the League of Nations concluded with these words:

"It may be truly said that international trade is being gradually strangled to death. If the process continues, millions of people in this economically interlocked world must inevitably die of starvation, and it is indeed doubtful whether our present civilization can survive."

It is the counsel of reasonableness to deal quickly with these conditions through international coöperation in a spirit of international understanding.

Agreement on general policies is the first and indispensable step. Once a truce of this sort becomes effective, and the vicious spiral stops its mad unwhirling, half the battle will have been won. There will be a tangible basis for hope and confidence, on the basis of which the long and tortuous struggle necessary to win back to an economically balanced and adequately functioning world can be waged with some chance of success. The accuracy of Sir Arthur Salter's prediction that the world would not surmount the financial crisis until it had reduced the gap in the balance of payments between creditor and debtor countries was borne out in good measure by the beneficial results which followed the Lausanne Conference last June. It was the first move which turned the tide of depression.

Further refusal by the United States to modify its political War debt policy abroad, which may reverse the beneficial effects of the Lausanne Agreement, might precipitate an international crisis from which the United States again would be a major sufferer. Drastic revision of the political debts would improve world trade to such an extent that their loss would be insignificant.

As pointed out by Mr. Edgar B. Davis in the October issue, the misfortune of the time is our inability under our present form of government to utilize fully the services of leaders of thought in whichever party they be found and he quoted the warning of the first President "against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally." To quote Emerson again: "There never was in any man sufficient faith in the power of rectitude to inspire him with the broad design of renovating the State on the principle of right and love. The power of love, as the basis of a State, has never been tried." However, today we must choose as best we may between the two principal candidates, with the "votes of protest" divided between the party of unrest, represented by Norman Thomas and the "agin-the-Administration" vote drifting to the Democratic candidate.

W. B. M.

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The Republican Case

By Ruth Pratt

Why we should not elect Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency

The manner in which Franklin D. Roosevelt secured his delegates to the Democratic National Convention in opposition to Alfred E. Smith and thereafter obtained the nomination for the Presidency of the United States at the Convention in Chicago is a matter of record and of no concern to me as a Republican. The fact that he is attempting, in his campaign for election, to stir up sectional and class prejudices is, however, a matter of grave concern to all the people of the United States.

He laid the foundation for his class appeal with his use of the phrase, "the forgotten man," as though there lived, in these soul-trying times of widespread unemployment and its attendant miseries, any man or woman who could forget a neighbor in distress.

If he never had said anything else, we would have in the phrase "the forgotten man" the measure of that Roosevelt whose candidacy is opposed by the widow and other members of the family of the late President Roosevelt.

But his demagogic utterances are understandable when it is seen that they are but a mask for his record of inaction during the four years that he has been Governor of New York State. In fashioning that mask, Franklin D. Roosevelt has perverted the record and resorted to invention and calumny.

Let us consider his speech in Columbus, Ohio, on August 29, when he said: "I believe in the sacredness of private property, which means that I do not believe that it should be subjected to the ruthless manipulation of professional gamblers in the stock markets and in the corporate system." He also talked of "pool-ridden markets."

For three years, seven months and twenty-eight days before making his Columbus speech, Franklin D. Roosevelt was Governor of New York State. The New York Stock Exchange, where most of the securities bought and sold in the nation are traded, the Curb Exchange and similar organizations are in the State of New York and are subject to the jurisdiction of its laws. In these marts the honest investors and the manipulators of pools meet. During the three years, seven months and twenty-eight days preceding this speech Governor Roosevelt was as silent as a Long Island clam on "pool-ridden markets" or any sort of stock gambling or swindlers.

Why did he not speak of stock market pools until then? Why the silence of nearly four years?

There are two answers to these ques-

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tions: he had not been a candidate for the Presidency until a month before; and nobody had previously told him that it would be good politics to rap the stock markets.

The reader should bear in mind that the sovereign State of New York can regulate and supervise, without stint or limit, the New York Stock Exchange and all other exchanges in the metropolis, if the representatives of the people are so minded. Power, much greater than can be invoked by Congress and the President of the United States in this regard is possessed by the legislature and the Governor of the State of New York. Of course all this was designedly forgotten by the Democratic nominee for President in his efforts to catch votes no matter how; and he still has the power, as Governor of New York, to convoke the Legislature in special session to give him additional power or to enact legislation if it be needed to achieve the unnamed reforms at which he vaguely hints. During the four annual sessions of the State legislature that Roosevelt has been Governor, he could have sent a message asking for this additional power; and with the aid of a special message he could have obtained action from the lawmakers almost overnight. But he took no such action.

In this same speech he talked of banking reforms, without citing the fact that in the previous December President Hoover had made specific recommendations to Congress on the same subject. In his speech of acceptance, President Hoover had dwelt on the evils of the union of commercial and investment banking. Franklin D. Roosevelt had been Governor of New York State three years and eight months when President Hoover made his speech of acceptance, and during all that time Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt was silent on this comparatively recent trend in banking. But subsequently, when he spoke at Columbus, Mr. Roosevelt condemned this union of commercial and investment banking as contrary to public policy and proposed their separation.

The utter hypocrisy of this proposal lies in the fact that most of the investment banking of the United States is transacted in the City of New York; and it was not until after President Hoover had spoken of its evils that Governor Roosevelt made the slightest reference to the subject. The hypocrisy of the proposal of the Democratic nominee is further disclosed by his failure to apply the existing laws of the State of New York to prevent the sale of worthless securities. These laws are ample, and if, in the opinion of Franklin D. Roosevelt, they are not, they can be strengthened.

I wonder who told him what to say on this phase of finance after being voiceless on the subject for nearly four years.

A little less than a month prior to the meeting of the Democratic National Convention, Walter Lippmann wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune:* "The trouble with Franklin D. Roosevelt is that his mind is not very clear, his purposes are not simple, and his methods are not direct."

ROOSEVELT himself demonstrated the correctness of this diagnosis after he was nominated by proposing to employ "a million men" to reforest the "abandoned farms and cut-over land" if elected President; and by way of assuring the nation that he was not talking through his hat, he referred to the forestry programme of New York State

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and blithely added: "I have done it, and I am doing it today."

This was downright ignorance or deliberate deception or both. He did not say how many men the State of New York employed. This was perhaps because he did not know, no one having told him. Let us consider the facts.

The forestry programme of New York State contemplates the reforestation of 1,000,000 acres of land at a cost of $20,000,000 over a period of fifteen years. In carrying out this programme, seventy-two men are employed steadily; and occasional workers swell their number to the total—in hours of labor—of 279.

As was pointed out by Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, 2,800 men are employed the year round in the United States Forestry Service; 3,400 others are employed on a six-month basis. These 6,200 men, more than half of them on a half-time basis, care for 160,000 acres, or about one man to every 25,000. "On that basis," Secretary Hyde observed, "1,000,000 men could care for 25,000,000,000 acres, or twelve times the entire land area of the United States."

Through this absurd proposal, Franklin D. Roosevelt falsely raised the hopes of countless idle. This is regrettable; but far more regrettable is the fact that the man who made this silly proposal is a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. But as Walter Lippmann said, the trouble with Franklin D. Roosevelt is that his mind is not clear.

There is nothing more conclusive of the lack of a clear mind than Roosevelt's Topeka speech. Here he pirouetted daintily all around the farm problem and talked with his wonted vagueness and ignorance. In this, as with every problem he has discussed, he revealed that he had no plan of his own, and that the only plan he talked about, as he always does, was the plan of President Hoover, which he visited with his customary destructive criticism. He boldly proclaims what he wants to tear down, but never has he shown what he would erect in place of the razed structures, save the ethereal castles of his fantastic mind.

Why did he have to wait four years to talk about the farm problem and until he had reached Kansas? Why did he not try to ameliorate the lot of the farmers in his own State?

More than half of the acreage of the State of New York is devoted to farms. The Federal census of 1930 showed 159,806 farms in the State. There were 720,929 persons living on these farms and working them. Why did not Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt apply his vague and formless farm theories to New York State farms and farmers? What half-baked student of agriculture and the tariff wrote his Topeka speech? Typical of the ignorance displayed in this speech is his declaration that textiles, boots and shoes and coal had the "highest subsidy in history" in 1926 and if elected President he would safeguard agricultural products as strongly. The truth is that leather boots and shoes received no protection in 1926. They were on the free list. Coal, too, was on the free list. And textiles were not as highly protected in 1926 as under the Payne-Aldrich tariff.

DESTRUCTIVE criticism, without a sound constructive note, has been Franklin D. Roosevelt's policy since he took the stump. He has his defenders, as for example, Huey Long's California

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prototype, Mr. McAdoo, who satisfied his ancient grudge at Chicago. And I call upon Mr. McAdoo, or any one else in the Roosevelt-Long-McAdoo-Hearst camp, to frame from the utterances of Franklin D. Roosevelt a programme to meet the needs of the hour which will receive the approval of any intelligent man or woman.

It is easy to talk of the misfits and dislocations in our economic and industrial structure; but it requires understanding and a clear mind to present a safe, sure and sane programme of adjustment. Through three years of intimate and close contact with the problems which are apparently beyond the understanding of Franklin D. Roosevelt, or his advisers, President Hoover has attained a grasp of the situation possible only to one in his high position; and he not only understands the problems as they affect us, but as they are interrelated with the problems of other countries.

With the aid of every important leader of thought, labor, business, finance, agriculture and industry, Democrats as well as Republicans, he has developed and put into action a programme the beneficial effects of which are beginning to show.

While Franklin D. Roosevelt was and is capitalizing the misery and destruction which followed in the wake of the World War, President Hoover and his advisers, in and out of public life, have been and are working, and successfully, to efface the baleful marks war left on civilization. Never before, in the history of our country have we had so many men, regardless of partisan politics, laboring for the common weal, as have been, and are now, working under the direction of President Hoover.

There has been but one thought in the mind of the President and his associates—namely, to relieve suffering, to end unemployment, to remove want and to prevent their recurrence, if that is possible.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt baselessly impugned the acts of some of these men, his first and most outspoken critic was George V. McLaughlin, Superintendent of Banks of New York when Alfred E. Smith was Governor. This was before the Chicago Convention. This silenced the ridiculous utterances at that time; but since Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated, he has been in the hands of other types of Democrats and is heedless to the counsels of men of the Smith type.

The programme which President Hoover and his associates prepared was presented to Congress on December 7, 1931, and I am glad in fairness to pay tribute to the many fine men on the opposite side of the House from me, who were whole-heartedly for the President's plan of relief. But it was not good enough for John Nance Garner, the Speaker of the House, swollen with an overweening ambition to be President of the United States.

Between the exaggerated ego of Mr. Garner and the machinations of other Democrats who put partisanship above country, they bedeviled the situation and made the insane proposal to unbalance the budget and meet the increase by starting the printing presses to turn out dollar bills by the ton. But the President, determined that the dollar bill should remain at its face value of one hundred cents both here and abroad, succeeded in staying the printing presses which Mr. Garner and his cohorts wanted to start.

Of the efforts of Mr. Garner and his associates to unbalance the budget,

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former Governor Smith said in a recent magazine article:

> Public opinion throughout the country is absolutely right when it lays some part of the blame for what occurred in Washington upon the statesmen of the lower House who, by their votes, their speeches and their actions, lent encouragement to that gathering of the veterans. Though I dislike to say it, I feel it is true, also, that they did this in face of the fact that they could not have believed that their action on the bill was to meet with final success.

President Hoover has told the country where he stands on the bonus. And it is only fair that Franklin D. Roosevelt be equally frank and answer the question, propounded by implication, in former Governor Smith's article: "Do you believe that any group, no matter how numerous, should be paid compensation that is not owed them with printing press money, thus reducing the buying power of the dollar?"

But Franklin D. Roosevelt, up to this writing seems to have hopes that the people will forget this and other equally important problems which he has dodged thus far, in whole or in part, by defaming the President with the cry that he has sold out to the banks, the railroads and big business, and that he is not concerned in relieving the distress of the nation.

Mistakes have been made. Some things have been left undone that should have been done. Men are but human, and not to err is the gift alone of the angels. But with all the errors of omission and commission, we have today in operation a plan that is showing results, not for the railroads or the banks or big business alone, but for all the people of the United States.

In the nature of things, recovery can not be achieved overnight, although Franklin D. Roosevelt and his spokesmen would have people believe that the depression will end with his election. Recovery is certain under the plan conceived by President Hoover. He is directing its operation. He is not crying out that we are in hard times. He is working. And we do not need Franklin D. Roosevelt to tell us that we are in hard times. They are only too real. What we would like to hear most from him is a clear answer to this question: "Would you abolish the plan put into operation by President Hoover, and if so, what would you give the nation in its stead?"

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The Democratic Case

By Herbert C. Pell

Why, on the other hand, we should not reëlect Mr. Hoover to the Presidency

The dominant economic idea of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover Administration has been the Seepage Theory, and it is the falsity of this theory that has brought us where we are. The economic leaders of the country have believed that if they did enough for the rich, great benefits would seep down to all classes of the community. Heavy taxes levied on the rich would have to be paid from funds which otherwise would have been expended in the development of the country. On the other hand, taxes levied on the poor would be taken from money which they would otherwise spend on consumable commodities. Our leaders believed that it was better to tax the expenditures of the poor than the economies of the rich. They believed that the general good of the country would be better promoted by encouraging investment than in any other way.

In general, the advocates of the Seepage Theory have tried to place the charges of government as much as possible on the consumer and on the real estate holder, that is to say, on the less prosperous parts of the community. During the time of their dominance, they lowered certain taxes and raised others. Of the taxes which they lowered, nine-tenths of the benefit went to less than one one-hundredth of the population, and of the taxes which they increased, the burden was almost entirely levied on the poor. In this way, we achieved a prosperity which, whatever we may have thought at the time, did not prove to be permanent.

The country in 1921 was rich and at peace. We had every surrounding that could be asked to make for the success of an economic experiment. The Seepage Theory failed because it was false. The rich did exactly as Messrs. Hoover, Mellon and Mills hoped that they would do. They did not spend their money in riotous living or in excessive magnificence. Enormous sums were invested in American securities, huge plants were set up and industries were developed.

We are now suffering from the inevitable result of error. We sacrificed all the resources of the country to develop production and did practically nothing to encourage healthy and normal consumption. The result was that the unbalanced vessel capsized; the people have fallen to hunger and to desolation; there remains almost nothing of the accumulations of the rich, piled up at such a cost to the nation.

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Our state of economic unbalance is described by economists in a word of dreadful mockery as "overproduction." There are millions of empty stomachs in this country and we are suffering from a glut of food. This winter there will be millions of cold backs and the clothing industry is idle and broken because there is no demand. Can not the leaders of this country understand that we are suffering not from an accident or from a trial ordained by a divine Providence to purge us of our pride, but from the inevitable result of a corrupt and selfish attempt to substitute the rationalization of greed for the laws of economics?

PROSPERITY will return. We were brought into the crisis by incompetent leadership and will be taken out of it by our own strength and resources.

The great question before the American people during the next four years will be the division of prosperity. Who will get the good things that will be produced during the next twenty years? Are we to endorse the policy of those who led us to destruction, continuing their leadership, giving to them the lion's share of all the good and placing the greatest burden on the weakest shoulders, or are we going to spread the gain more thinly, so that each individual may get his share?

An unimaginably great mass of wealth will be made by the American people out of the resources of the United States. No matter who gets it, there will be some general prosperity, but unless this wealth is reasonably fairly divided, we can not hope that good times will endure.

In the New York *Times* of September 8 I see on the front page that motor stocks are on the rise, and on an inside page I find the information that Henry Ford is considering a wage cut —the Seepage Theory at work. This is not the result that the Administration wants, but it is the inevitable result of its actions.

In practice, the Seepage Theory has been tried many times, and has invariably failed. It failed in the time of the Roman emperors, and it failed in the time of Herbert Hoover. Human nature being what it is, the individual at the top can not be counted on to give enough of his resources to maintain the prosperity of the country. This is not because he is rich, but because he is human. "Letting George do it" is a practice which is not confined to the wealthy.

We gave the control of our country freely and without reservation to a group of big business men who made it a gambler's paradise. The result of their experiment is only that which of necessity must be the result of all such experiments.

If the collapse of today is worse than the collapse of forty years ago, the next will probably be worse than this. If we continue to set gamblers—and at that, not even honest gamblers—at the head of our financial structure, we can not blame any one but ourselves for the inevitable consequence.

ON ALL sides we hear the continuance of the depression ascribed to lack of confidence. Things will be better "when confidence returns." Renewed confidence is the hope of all men and their hope is rightly placed.

But the people doubt the capacity of their rulers. The political leaders of the country have too often demonstrated their ineptitude and inability to grasp and to control the situation. The

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Hoover Administration was elected to office largely as a result of reckless or cynical promises. If we assume that Mr. Hoover and his supporters really believed that they had the secret of continuous prosperity, that they, and they alone, knew how to put a chicken into every pot, two cars into every garage, then we must conclude that they showed an inability to understand conditions and an ignorance of economics that would more than justify the community in declining to allow them to plan the commercial revival of this country.

Either Mr. Hoover and his supporters believed what they said, or they did not. In any case, the people today do not trust them. We all know that this country can not be permanently in a state of poverty. We all know that future prosperity is certain. But as we shall have to begin almost at the beginning, we shall do well seriously to consider the strengthening of our whole economic structure so that it will not again suffer such a wreck as we have just endured. And the best way to build four square against all storms is to make the foundation solid, to develop a broad base for our prosperity. Even those of us who shared in the good things must realize that the boom times benefited too few people, that the distribution of profits was unfair. The white collar man, the business girl, the farmer, the teacher and the doctor paid for all.

If we wish the institutions of our country to remain permanent, we must consider these people, who in the aggregate represent a very large part of the intelligent force that guides our nation. They will not forever be content with licking the spoon and humbly observing the greater prosperity meted out to the aristocracy of wealth.

No group of men in the history of this country was more strongly entrenched in power than were the great leaders of American business from the inauguration of Mr. Harding until the present day. Look at what they have done with the power entrusted to their hands. They have taken the richest country in the world and destroyed its prosperity. They have taken the nation most respected by all foreign Governments and made it a byword of dislike and of contempt. Drunken and feasting in the captain's cabin, they have let the vessel shatter itself against plainly visible rocks. Let us at least select for our governors men who are not proven failures, of whom it can at least be said that their incompetence has not been demonstrated by experience.

A PROTECTIVE tariff is a sword directed as much against the American purchaser as against the foreign producer. A protective tariff is effective only as a barrier which keeps the American buyer from the best market and obliges him to sacrifice what he considers to be his interest in order that some other person may profit. No industry can possibly require protection if it can meet foreign competition without it. A certain winner does not clamor for a handicap.

Without discussing the effect of our tariff abroad, we must realize that in this country its only effect is to raise the prices paid by the people or to lower the quality of the goods which they can buy. The only effect of a protective tariff is to force the American buyer to make a bad bargain with an American rather than a good one with a foreigner, and the only possible beneficiary is the American manufacturer who is not sufficiently competent to pro-

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duce, with all the advantages of the richest country in the world and the greatest market, a product equal to that of Europe, and who therefore asks to dip into the pocket of every purchaser. It seems to me that the maintenance of such gentlemen is too expensive a luxury for this country at the present time. If the Government can not afford to provide a living to the millions of the unemployed, there is no reason why it should tax the people for the benefit of rich and incompetent manufacturers.

Nothing can be made out of nothing, and a system which permits one person to charge more for his product than it is worth obviously forces many people to pay more than its true value for this article. We can safely say that the present tariff adds at least ten per cent to the expenditure budget of the average citizen.

It is an observed fact that the broader the market, the more stable will be the economic condition. The United States has been able to develop the greatest manufacturing organization in the world, not because it has been freed from foreign competition, but because it has a market of 123,000,000 consumers. The high standard of living in the United States is not made possible by the absence of competition, but by the presence of demand. The reëstablishment of foreign trade is necessary to stabilize the economic conditions of the United States and we must not forget that trade implies purchase as well as sale.

Tariff beneficiaries often say that they must receive higher prices in order to pay high wages to American laborers. As a matter of fact, the industries which receive protection in this country are usually the ones which have the most labor troubles and which give the lowest wages. Every observer who has had any opportunity to study conditions in this country and in Europe knows that American labor, as applied in the efficiently run American factories, produces much more for each dollar received in wages than is produced by the European competitor.

American labor does not, as the business leaders suggest, sit on the shoulders of industry like the Old Man of the Sea. In this country, labor contributes much more to the value of the final product than it receives. On the whole, we can safely say that the American laborer is quite as worthy of his daily wage as is the average financial leader of his yearly salary. Those employers who are sufficiently able to use his work intelligently are producing better and cheaper commodities than are made in any other country in the world. Those who need protection are those who waste American labor, who use it inefficiently and incompetently.

THE foreign policy of every country is controlled and inspired by its economic interest. In the long run, mere sentiment counts for very little. Until economic union was achieved, a common language was never a serious bond between any of the independent states of Germany, or of Italy. Throughout history Bavaria was more often allied with France than with Prussia; Venice maintained closer relations with the Empire than with Rome; common religion did not guarantee coöperation between France and Spain. Race, religion and language, all three together, have not prevented bickering and war in South America.

In the past, the foreign relations of the United States have affected the people very little and such attention

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as has been given to them has usually been based, not on interest, but on vague sentiments. We were a progressive, but an extremely introspective people. Our thoughts were at home. Our serious economic interests were at home. Our problems were domestic problems. We were a continent set apart from the rest of the world.

All during the Nineteenth Century the United States was a debtor nation. We had borrowed enormous sums abroad in order to develop our economic structure. We were faced with a long period of payments of principal and of interest. During all this time, we exported more goods than we imported; this was the natural and inevitable result of conditions as they were. Had foreign nations refused to allow the products of the United States to enter their ports and to be sold, it would have been impossible to build up the American credits which were used to pay the instalments due on our debts in Europe. If foreign nations in the 'Nineties had refused to receive any payment except in the form of gold mined in California or Colorado, they would have made payment impossible and would have forced repudiation on this country.

There was not enough gold produced in the United States to pay this debt, nor would it particularly have profited Europe had the debts been paid in gold. The payment for money borrowed from the richer nations of Europe was made by the United States in the form of goods which we produced but did not consume, and which they consumed and did not produce, but which they received as a proper reward for the money which they had advanced to us.

The condition is now changed. Practically all the debts of the United States to foreign countries have been paid off or bought back. Enormous sums of American money, public and private, are now invested abroad. The problem before the United States Government and before the individual American investors in foreign securities is simply this: how shall we make our debts secure, both in principal and in interest?

We can not expect to receive the entire amount in gold bullion for there is not that amount of gold in the world. We must, therefore, receive payment in some other form, that is to say, gold already in America must be transferred to the credit of those foreigners who owe money in the United States and be used by them to pay their creditors. This transfer can take place in only two ways, either by further borrowing on the part of our debtors, which would only aggravate the situation, or by the sale of goods. There is no other possible way.

We would not complain in the United States if we suddenly discovered great mines or other resources which made possible the presence among our people of consumable goods bought with less labor than formerly; we do not think that the Mesaba iron beds are an injury to our people. We do not look at the cotton fields of the South as a detriment to the United States, and yet their value is only that they produce metal and cloth for less effort than was formerly spent on their acquisition. It would obviously be quite as good if, instead of coming out of the ground, these resources came from across the sea. Anything that will cheapen the cost or raise the standard of living is a benefit to our country.

The money owed to the United

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States will be paid. The only alternative is whether it will be paid in money by the American taxpayer, or in goods by foreign countries. There is no third course, and we need not listen patiently to the insincere palaver of party politicians who would throw this great burden on the American people for the sake of contributors to their party funds and at the same time clamor for payment in a form which they know to be impossible.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Hoover, with his wide experience of international trade, did not understand these elementary conditions; and, understanding them, he took an unjustifiable risk in committing this country to the continuance of a policy of economic exclusion. For that is what our tariff amounts to.

The Hawley-Smoot Act has aroused retaliatory legislation by most of the European countries, which are now safe in hampering the access of American goods to their markets, because these goods no longer represent interest on old debts, but are new purchases. They realize that an excess of sales on their part will not be paid for by the United States in new goods, but in receipts for old indebtedness.

THE Hoover Administration and its predecessors have feared to face the facts of Prohibition. Politicians terrorized by the Anti-Saloon League have publicly voted for that which they privately knew to be impractical.

Twelve years ago, on the floor of the House of Representatives, I opposed the Volstead Bill on the ground that it would result in class feeling, discontent and contempt of the law. It was as apparent then to any intelligent man as it is today to any fool that it would be disregarded in the large cities. As a result of this mistake, we have the gangster and the racketeer, the kidnapper and the gunman. Bootleggers with their poison and speakeasies with their graft have arisen in this country as a result of a statute which from the start was obviously unenforceable, and yet, neither Mr. Harding, nor Mr. Coolidge, nor Mr. Hoover has dared to make a plain statement on this subject. They have feared the political power of the Anti-Saloon League.

The rising tide of gangsterism can not be stopped, either by Republicans or by Democrats, as long as the Volstead Act remains unchanged on our statute books. The kidnapper, the racketeer and the gangster are the inevitable products of this mistaken statute. Its continuance will force us to choose either the developing feudalism of the underworld, or the fascist tyranny of lawless vigilantes. The Government can not continue to function under this terrible handicap.

Prohibition is not only the question of liquor. It is a question of governmental philosophy. The same spirit which flamed up against the fugitive slave laws now arises against the Volstead Act. I know that in at least one case a cellar which served as a station of the "underground railway" is now being used for the storage of wine made illegal by act of Congress. Practical lawmakers must learn that beside the formal lawmaking machinery of the Government, there is the veto power of the people.

It is absurd for the Prohibitionist to pretend that those who would amend the Volstead Act are the advocates of promiscuous intoxication. The presidents of Harvard, and of Yale, of Princeton, of Columbia, of Cornell, of

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Vassar, of Dartmouth, are not the hired servants of a liquor ring, trying to make drunkards out of college boys; neither can it be presumed that the heads of these great institutions are fools unable to form an intelligent opinion for themselves.

A TRUE conservative is one who wishes to conserve the institutions of his country, not necessarily without change, but at least without basic alterations. His great hope is that his children will enjoy an America fundamentally similar to this country as we know it today. He recognizes, of course, that political changes must take place to fit the Government to changing economic and social conditions. But on the whole, he believes that our efforts should be directed to preserve and to strengthen those institutions of our country, whether political, economic, or social, which tend in actual fact to preserve liberty for the individual and to guarantee to him free and safe enjoyment of the economic reward of his efforts. As a sensible man, he does not look back sadly to the Eighteenth Century; he does not wish a stage-coach Government in airplane days. He realizes that a system of government which does not face facts is as certainly condemned to destruction as would be a bridge built without regard to the load it has to carry or to the ground on which it rests.

The greatest menace to the hopes of the true conservative is the spirit of selfish reactionaries. The conservative is interested in the preservation of private property. Can the same be said for those great leaders of reaction who put the resources of the people confided to their care into the colossal swindles of Kreuger?

Principles accepted by generations are now being questioned. We have seen Governments which have lasted through centuries shattered and overthrown. To the inevitable reappraisal of the world, our Government, if it is to survive, must come with clean hands.

The conservatism of those who have profited from the lenity or from the favors of a Government which they controlled is the conservatism of Captain Kidd in the hold of a captured vessel. He, too, objected to Government interference with his private enterprise.

THE Administration of Franklin Roosevelt will bring the tariff down to a more honest level and will lessen the advantage of privilege. Taxes will be so levied that the actual burden will be more nearly equal. Public service corporations will be regulated in a way that will protect private rights, but will not protect unjust privilege. Above all things, the Seepage Theory will be discarded and our future prosperity will be based on the fact that the wider the foundation, the more permanent and the stronger will be the economic structure. A nation of satisfied and contented citizens is worth more than a community of employes and millionaires, even when the employes are employed and the millionaires have their millions.

The reign of the racketeer, the gunman and the kidnapper will be ended in the only way in which it can be ended, that is to say, by serious modification of the Prohibition law. The law will be brought back to respect and it will be enforced against all alike. There will be no repetition of Teapot Dome, with its scandalous record of non-convictions.

During the coming period of prosperity, the Roosevelt Administration will prepare a plan of public works. It

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will be held in readiness to meet periods of unemployment and it will be kept in abeyance during times of prosperity. This is a very simple plan. It is practised by every farmer who during the winter repairs his walls and puts his tools in order. As much as possible, it is the practice of every well run business and it should unquestionably be the declared policy of the Government.

The State should not compete with private enterprise at the time of greatest activity in business. It should, as little as possible, enter into the market for permanent supplies at a time when the demand for consumable goods is at its height. Permanent work should be done when there is less temporary demand. In every occupation, there are seasonal depressions and it is in these periods that repairs should be made and new plants prepared or new schemes tried out and organizations developed. In this way, a well run plant will be able to keep a large proportion of its employes continuously busy. The Government should maintain its credit at the highest point so that at a time of unemployment and hardship it can enter the market and build those roads and dams and harbors which are needed by the country. We will not indulge in reckless extravagance or make work for work's sake, but we will try to use the great necessary development of the nation's capital as a means of equalizing commercial conditions.

We may not believe that the world owes every man a living, but we must recognize that it is the duty of the community to avail itself of the proffered services of every man who is willing to work. An organization of society that is unable to make use of the ability and industry of nearly a quarter of its workers does not deserve to continue.

Throughout the country we find today projects of roads or of public buildings being held up; we find dredging schemes, plans for irrigation, or harbor improvements being laid over until the time when the Government will be obliged to pay more than the present prices, and when the Government competition with private effort will strain the economic structure and use in the production of public works labor and capital now idle and for which there will be then an urgent private demand.

Unemployment is not only a loss to the present society which tolerates it, but it will terribly damage the future of its victims. Every one of them will be delayed in his advance in the world, and many will be embittered and broken in spirit. Some who would otherwise have been honest and useful laborers will become tramps and sneak-thieves. We can not expect our system of society to last through this century unless we recognize the duty of providing work for every pair of willing hands. An old proverb teaches us who will find employment for the idle.

The Roosevelt Administration will discover no "new era." It will not teach the citizen to pull himself up by his boot straps. It will provide no magic substitute for industry and economy. It will protect the savings of the people from exploitations by wild-cat bankers and stock swindlers.

The next four years under President Roosevelt will be a period of development and building up, of expansion rather than inflation. Prosperity under Roosevelt will differ from prosperity under Coolidge and Hoover as arduously developed muscle differs from easily acquired adipose.

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Big Prize Contest

By Robert Rantoul Endicott

You, too, can win $50,000. Just write a few simple words

The Big Prize Contest got its start selling papers, so to speak. You recall the white hot competition among the nation's youth for Shetland ponies, catcher's mitts and shiny new bikes with, yes sir, coaster brakes! Tame stuff, surely, when one realizes that today any child, with much less effort, can become eligible for a Grand Prize of $50,000 merely by letting a few simple rules guide him to answer properly the question "How can *I* avoid Bird Cage Mouth?" or "Why do Reed's Irradiated Radishes prevent Social St. Helena?"

If the Big Prize Contest assumes a huge bump of naïve credulity in the make-up of the mass mind, it is directly descendant from the hocus pocus of the Big Shetland Pony Contest. Advertisements for the B.S.P.C. were cunning snares combining three basic lures: (1) an appealing if somewhat untrue-to-life picture of the Grand Prize—a prancing, fiery-eyed Shetland, with mane and tail rampant; (2) a block of glib "you, too, . . ." copy; (3) a test of skill which was truly flattering to all who passed it. Usually the test was to spot four outlined heads "concealed" among the foliage of a peaceful woodland scene. To make success sure, about a dozen heads were drawn in so as to be quite apparent to the quick eye. Thus, presumably, were the really dull weeded out.

Any one who passed the test got a certificate which said he had won ten thousand votes. The implication was that by this feat he had been allowed to jump the gun in his start for the Grand Prize. All he must do further was to sell more packages of something or other than any one else in the contest. For each package sold he would receive nothing so prosaic, you may be sure, as a point or a credit, but rather one thousand votes. Often the money for the packages was duly sent. And two minutes after they came, the excited child had set out to beg friends first, but finally any one who would listen, to spend ten cents "so I'll win a pony." The imposing total of one million votes rarely swept any kiddie into the pony's saddle because the contests, "to give every one an *absolutely* fair chance," seemed always to last from early adolescence well into manhood.

There are few boy salesmen left, for the manufacturer who used to sell small necessaries through contests now tries to sell them through chain stores. The former contestants for ponies, now at least *physical* adults, compete for commissions and selling prizes by peddling

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more expensive stuff from door to door. What they as children once tried mostly in fun they do today with a high and desperate seriousness. So, by the millions, they and their neighbors enter contests, suspecting that their chance of winning is slight but not really believing it — willing to try anything that might eke out what little they earn.

The technique of the Big Prize Contest has, therefore, changed. It is the headline act on the Big Time, combining the best features of medicine show and pony contest glorified with better than Ziegfeldian artistry. It is designed to appeal to every one, so the crowds are pulled in here with a hot-cha-cha and there with a bit of Brahms. The stakes have been multiplied many thousand times, making the Big Prize Contest more popular than any other indoor or outdoor sport. Not even a child wants a Shetland pony any more. People, including children, want automobiles, trips to Europe and $50,000. The entrants no longer have to become the company's salesmen, although regular salesmen are often given special prizes for whooping up the contest among their customers. The entrants are consumers and usually they have to consume to enter. The idea behind the contests, assuming there is one, is to make at least one sale per entrant, and to make the entrants so "Whatzit-conscious" that they will never again be foolish enough to buy a "Whoozis."

It is not my intention to minimize the importance of the Big Prize Contest as a social phenomenon by treating it lightly. Should I seem to go a trifle berserk in my discussion I ask forgiveness on the plea that for the past two months I have been helping judge the largest contest ever held and my convalescence is not yet complete. Neither is it my intention to disparage the suppliers of radio entertainment or the makers of advertisements. After all, whether you like what they do or not, their main job is to give the most people what they most want. Unquestionably, right now, they want contests — chances at big money. And advertisers are willing to give them these chances provided they think they can foresee a profit for themselves.

You may wonder why radio was selected as the principal medium to carry the tidings of easy money to the folks. The probable reason is a commentary on this and that: During the late rise in prices there was much talk among business men of creating, by advertising, backlogs of good will that would keep the sales fires burning ever brighter. When prices dropped after the market crash it soon became evident that good will held most customers only until some one offered them a lower price. Radio advertising, at that time, was looked upon as good will advertising. First, "good will" was the most popular catchphrase of Big Business and the experts who advocated radio advertising found it the most effective descriptive term to use, for, as they admitted off the record, they were talking theory rather than facts. Second, it was thought necessary to go light on the heavy selling over the air, no one then realizing how much a radio fan could stand. Third, there were and still are, objections to mentioning prices by radio, and to calling your competitor a bum except euphemistically and in print. Fourth, there are still many products that may be written about but not spoken of publicly, on the theory that you read alone but you often listen in mixed company.

These were really big obstacles to

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radio advertising even when good will was having its heyday. Then good will became anathema to boards of directors who soon had their ears cocked only for the chimes of the cash register. Yet radio advertising began to show great increases in volume while other forms of advertising steadily declined. Why?

When boards of directors asked, "Why are we spending half a million on radio? It's intangible good will stuff, isn't it?" advertising managers and advertising agents begged for a chance to show results in direct sales from radio advertising. The very fact that they all started justifying their radio advertising simultaneously and in precisely the same way, gave it the tremendous impetus that other forms of advertising did not enjoy. *They*, advertisers knew, were fundamentally sound and productive; the immediate problem was to save the sick sister. The Big Prize Contest was the syrup that not only saved her but gave her a stature far beyond her years. Recently there were so many contests on one of the networks that officials of the company began to hear rumblings of "Nothing but contests," "Lotteries," "Cheap entertainment," "Monotonous," and so on. Now if there is anything a network likes to give its radioafs, it is variety, so a big decision, neatly combining good business with a high feeling for art, was reached: no new contests until one then running was over.

Who first thought of the Big Prize Contest? Ah, no one will ever decide that fairly, for, like the automobile, it was more of an evolution than an invention. We can, however, go this far:

About the time when it became necessary to do more than just display goods to sell them, it was announced that cut-out pictures of Amos 'n' Andy would be sent free to any one . . . that is, any one who sent in, with the request, a carton from a tube of tooth paste. Guess which one. Millions who had enjoyed the boys for months without ever buying their toothpaste rushed out to buy. Wonderful tales of the cash results of this hot advertising idea, growing with retelling, were soon heard by every advertiser and his agent. They asked themselves, how can we cash in, too? A few smart ones reasoned thus:

"The pictures of Amos 'n' Andy are lures because the fans have never seen pictures of the boys. No other picture has anything like the same amount of appeal. We must think of something else. Let's see, what do people want most?"

"MONEY!"

"Right you are! We'll sell them chances to win money. They like to gamble."

"But isn't that a lottery—illegal?"

"No, not if we're cagey. We say that instead of buying anything (so they can send in a carton or wrapper) they can send in a 'facsimile' or a 'reasonably accurate copy' instead. That gets around the law."

"But won't they all make these copies and so get free chances?"

"No, because they'd have to buy about a dollar's worth of paints and brushes and spend a few hours copying to make an acceptable replica."

"Well, won't we be criticized for encouraging people to gamble?"

"Not if we hook up each chance we sell with a test of skill and knowledge. It'll tickle the vanity and if we tell them it's great fun they'll think it is."

"But, after all, we're not in the business of running lotteries, we're selling soap, aren't we?"

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"Oh, well, we can figure out some way to tie up the contest to our soap, too."

So the Big Prize Contest came into being.

It does seem logical that radio by its very nature is the best medium for contests, because it makes possible a combination of come-on music and the barker's spiel — the old medicine show technique. Add the fact that in the advertising business, as in every other, it is easier and safer to copy than to create (and usually more profitable) and you have the answer to why contests fill the air. Some show a sales profit above the cost of ballyhoo, overhead and prizes; others do what is known in the trade as a swell educational job. The rest are also-rans, but as yet their sponsors either don't know it, won't admit it, or don't know what to do about it. Meanwhile many people benefit from them, in ways various and strange.

A WORD game fascinates millions of people. It is always deceivingly simple at first. Its knotty complications never appear until the contestant has gone so far that he will not stop. In fact, he can not, for letters haunt him and mists of words blur his reason.

Your heart will go out to this gentleman who wrote to one of our largest national advertisers as follows:

Last night you announced, on your radio programme, prizes for the largest number of words made from the letters in your trade name. It is likely to cause you many a moment of anguish and I suggest that you take out insurance against — well, against a lot of things. It's this way:

Several months ago I heard a peanut company out in Iowa announce that prizes would be given to those who formed the letters in "Happy Days Peanuts" into the largest number of words. Just as diversion I started. Soon I saw it was more of a job than I thought. So I decided to take a small dictionary of about a thousand pages and make the list systematic. Well I spent spare time for four evenings and then concluded that I'd better get a larger dictionary. With this I found that my first list was entirely inadequate so I started all over again.

In all it took me eight evenings and two afternoons, fully eighteen hours. I finally had a list of 1,100 words. The prizes were ten watches and some bags of peanuts. When the contest closed the programmes stopped. The awards were never broadcast. I never learned who won.

I lay awake nights spelling words and trying to memorize them to copy next morning, only to forget them. I had nightmares in which I thought I had been shipwrecked in an endless sea of alphabet soup. I got so nervous from scanning page after page of words that I would get up and walk the floor to stop the words from swimming before my eyes. My wife plead with me to quit. No, I said. I never quit unless I'm licked, but my stubbornness was foolish. For a month my eyes have ached badly. I have had to go to an oculist twice and get a new set of glasses. It will cost about twenty-five dollars for eye trouble. I already had a watch and I've decided that peanuts aren't very good for one anyway. And why spend eighteen hours on words, and punish your eyes and nerves and pocketbook when you can buy a bag for a nickel. What saps we are!

I write this as a friendly warning against suits for nervous breakdowns, loss of eyesight, and loss of earnings by some members of the family as a result of your contest.

Now consider some statistics of the contest held by the company warned against lawsuits: There were twelve prizes totalling $250, first prize $100. The rules were broadcast only twice. The contest lasted only ten days. But more than a hundred thousand people sent in lists and some thirty thousand of the lists exceeded a thousand words. The winning list had twenty-six thousand. So, multiplying the probable number of hours of work per list by the number of contestants, we get

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more than one million hours of work for a total of $250 cash—*less than one-quarter of one-tenth of one cent per hour*. How a Chinese coolie would laugh if he knew!

When such contests were new it was believed that advertisers would benefit because contestants would say the name of the product over and over as they thought of words. Actually, contestants dissect the trade name into letters, list them alphabetically, and never think of the name again as a whole until, in a greatly befuddled and unretentive mental condition, they write it on the envelope that is to hold their entry. Unless, therefore, they have to buy the product to enter, the advertiser probably loses money because now there are so many big word marathons that no single one makes much impression even when it is going on.

But the contests *do* help paper and pencil manufacturers, alienists, oculists and psychiatrists. Also the telephone and telegraph companies. Often those who finally deliver themselves of a list of a few hundred words (out of a possible 35,000) wire or phone, at a cost of from one to five dollars, to plead with the judges to cross out a word that was put in by mistake, or to put in a word that has just been thought of, or not to disqualify entries that are late, "because the postman forgot to pick them up."

What's more, publishers of encyclopedias, dictionaries, glossaries and other reference works have been refreshed by a mild flutter in their business lately. Such books available in public places are quickly mutilated or stolen by contestants, or borrowed and never returned. Those who fail to lay even a gentle hand on free copies have actually been discovered buying their own. Many a hoarded dollar left the mattress when the New York Public Libraries were compelled, because of plunder and pillage, to remove from their shelves those books that would be of help in current contests. As one librarian remarked sadly to me when I sought her assistance, "It wouldn't help many people if we didn't remove the books. Some one would get each copy as soon as the library opened and keep it all day and evening."

Whoever can not obtain printed help must draw on his own mental resources and these usually run out after about the fiftieth word. The next step is to enlist the help of friends and, among the employed, this is always done on the company's time. Probably each consultation takes no more than an hour or two, but this time multiplied by the number of contestants amounts to millions of hours in which no work is done.

We may dismiss the big word contest by saying that it will soon become far less enticing to the millions of people who have made what they consider supreme attempts without ever winning. Advertisers, in their eternal efforts to make themselves believe they are being "different," are now only complicating the contests. The eagerness of prospective contestants will wilt rapidly into apathy.

There does seem, however, to be a long and incandescent future for the mammoth slogan contest and for the super-stupendous educational contest. No mere lull in bad times is going to stop the folks from toying with possibilities for getting rich quick. And certainly no such mild antidote as common sense will ever convince them that they are not all potential writers of snappy advertising copy.

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Do you recall the "twenty words, no more, no less" contest, in which it was required that contestants write each word on a band or facsimile of the cigar advertised? It increased the sale of these cigars from less than 25,000 to more than 2,000,000 per day. For months, six days a week, about 10,000 people daily bespoke their love for these cigars simply and from the heart, at about a dollar per effusion. The contest was expensive and when sales had evidently reached a peak it was abruptly stopped and a gently falling sales volume pushed before it enough cash almost to burst the company coffers.

One of the judges in this contest remarked, "The depression must have shrunk intelligence, too." Perhaps one out of every hundred entries had slight merit; the others were unbelievably bad.

The person who is painstaking and intelligent is almost certain to have his entry among the one or two per cent that reach the finals. He will then be in competition, of course, with the professional contestants, who are increasing rapidly. They spend many days on each contest, send in many entries, and go to elaborate lengths to have the entries different in wording, handwriting, signature and geographical origin. This they do by having correspondents in many parts of the country. The belief persists, rather without foundation I think, that sponsors of contests spread the winners thickest where their products need promotion most. Unquestionably this used to be the practice, on the theory that if a winner was picked in Dubuque all the unsuccessful entrants for miles around would think they had *almost* won. Whether they are right or not in taking such precautions to escape detection, we may assume that the successful professionals know their business, for many of them are able to live comfortably on their prize money. And by the way, in case you want to turn professional, did you know that there is a regular monthly magazine listing all the current contests from "Cute things my kiddie says" in San Francisco to the hundreds of Big Prize Contests that streak out over the whole country from microphones in Chicago and New York?

Some of the big slogan and letter contests have attracted more than two million entries. About eighty or ninety per cent are eliminated by the judges with no more than a glance, because some contest rule is broken. If, for instance, you say that entries must be written in ink or on the typewriter and that names of city, county and State must be spelled out in full, you can predict closely what will happen. People will write in pencil and misspell. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and other long State names will be abbreviated. Residents of New York City and other large cities, particularly Baltimore, will not give the county. It has been learned that people who can't follow rules don't write very good answers. But whether the contestants have to buy anything to enter, or whether the quality of the answers is good or bad, sales of the product during the contests usually jump noticeably.

The comparatively few papers that remain after the first examination are read more carefully until there are left only a few more than the total number of prizes. These papers are then turned over to the "official" judges, usually minor celebrities, whose glamor and prestige lend elegance and dignity to the contest. If their critical opinions are not always worth all they are paid

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for them, the best entries still win, because men from the advertising agency are standing ever ready to guide an expert's erring judgment back to the opinion he is supposed to reach.

The names of the major winners once decided upon, the advertising boys start the check-up to see whether the winners are "worthy." Standards vary with contests. Here is one an advertising man told me: "We've got to be sure none of them are Niggers, or hunks, or anything like that."

It is distressing to have to report that contestants are even more suspicious of advertisers (and with less cause, as I shall presently show) than are advertisers of contestants. Naturally it is difficult for the man who has spent days on his entry and wins no prize to avoid harsh thoughts. Especially if the winning answers are made public is he able to convince himself that his differed from them only by a word or two and that *his* words actually were better. Any Big Prize Contest leaves in its wake a heavy cloud of active ill will, or at least the tolerant assumption that the contest was crooked. Some outraged contestants actually sue, presenting evidence to prove that the winners were picked out of a hat. Most of the losers, however, just say to themselves, "Sure it's a racket, but what of it? Somebody wins, and if I go into enough of them maybe some day I'll get a break."

IT SHOULD be emphasized that a heavy majority of the Big Prize Contests are entirely on the level; the sponsors and their advertising agents go to much trouble and expense to make the judging fair. Recently, in a big educational contest more than $15,000 was spent on the sorting, reading and filing of the 2,300,000 conglomerated, hopeful papers. One hundred and thirty-seven people were given temporary employment at four or five dollars a day. Mostly they were mature, college trained men and women. A Phi Beta Kappa key was to be seen here and there. Men who had made as much as $25,000 a year worked, for the same pay, at the same table with stenographers, impoverished elderly gentlewomen and ex-débutantes whose papas had lost all in The Street. It was surprising to see how seriously they worked, how sorry they were when they came upon papers from contestants who had obviously tried hard and just missed. Perhaps they saw close parallels to their own experiences.

Attempts at fraud, however, got no sympathy. They were so frequent and so patent that one began to wonder if one's fellow man, given a choice, is really honest, as the good books say. There were hundreds of thousands of duplicate entries, all of poor quality, and many hundreds even run off on multigraph or printing press. Parents would fill out entries and give their ages as twelve to fourteen in order to get the special consideration given to children. Most of these cheats believed that the contest was dishonest or would be judged haphazardly. They decided, accordingly, to increase the chances in their favor. Even the final judges received scores of letters, a few threatening, but most of them suggesting a split of the prize money.

The winners in this contest were, as it happened, all amateurs and deserving of prizes. First prize of $10,000 went to a well educated but poor Jewish girl whose parents, two sisters and brother were out of work. She spent four nights carefully working out her entry. Second prize was won by a young college grad-

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uate who was then doing post-graduate research on vitamins, the subject that was the general basis of the contest. He plans to marry and start his career on his winnings. A married woman, a college graduate, was third; her husband is making a meagre living as an insurance salesman. Fourth prize went to an elderly man, sick and out of work for a year. He has a wife and four children. The youngest was recently operated upon for a double mastoid and the operation was still unpaid for. The winner's wife said she complained vigorously because he sat up late so many nights working on his entry. He went into every contest he heard about because of the financial condition of the family, but he had never won before. Fifth prize went to a former teacher, wife of a struggling lawyer. The sixth was won by a small town minister.

All these winners are essentially alike, all obscure, middle class people, rather above average in education and intelligence, who worked hard and systematically on their entries. All are either out of work or poorly paid. In short, they are just what you might expect and, if they have been able to resist the temptations offered by the hundreds of salesmen who have swooped down on them, the money they won will do much to relieve their problems. They won because they are basically normal. They took the contest seriously; they followed the rules. It never occurred to them to do anything else. They represent the best of by far the largest group that enters contests.

There is a group, small by comparison, but large in numbers, that is far more colorful and entertaining. It is made up of those who want to be, or who just are, "different." Some write their entries in verse, and what verse! Usually, too, these lyricists write: "Please note, this is a poem." Some fill the paper with their life story, or a plea for help in their present misfortunes. There are those who ridicule the contests or write perfectly irrelevant wisecracks and sign names like Herbert Hoover, Gandhi, or Cleopatra. (This often happens in the pay-as-you-enter contests.) There are diatribes against the product advertised, the Government, capitalism and what not. Oddly enough, there are almost no papers covered with obscenity — and I confess I don't know why after seeing all the other things entrants have thought of to do.

If there is a rule that a certain contest blank must be used you may be sure that thousands of people will say to themselves, "Well, now, they don't really mean that. If I make my entry unusual enough they'll surely give it special consideration." All kinds of whimsies that take days and even weeks to make are sent in: a beautiful silk patchwork quilt with embroidered words and pictures; tricky electric displays; large books bound in leather with professional art work inside; a volume bound in velvet with a gold cloth bookmark tipped with ermine; wagons, automobiles and airplanes with answers lettered on the sides; and hundreds of less ambitious attempts to be "different."

In most of such entries the quality of the answers is low indeed; almost always simple words are misspelled. A newspaper ran a contest in which entrants were supposed to assemble pieces of photographs of the Presidents as published by the paper daily. One man sent in as his entry a model in wood of the White House, large enough to fill a small bedroom. He neglected

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to include pictures of the Presidents. He received nothing but the silent maledictions of the contest manager who had already been sent more than a carload of similar handicraft.

So America's Prize Sideshow goes, playing to full houses day and night all over the land. Listen for yourself, tonight. As the crooner's voice fades away, as the band is stilled, the barker, radio script in hand, begins: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, and kiddies too, here is the good news you have been waiting for. Here is how *you* may win $50,000. Just follow a few simple rules — just write a few simple words — and have the time of your life doing it. ('Smile in voice' here, according to the script.) Here is all you have to do . . ." And you and I and millions more who say a cynical "Oh, yeah?" are reaching, even while we say it, for our pencils.

No Work

By Faith Vilas

Heavily they hang,
He scarcely dares look down
Upon their pendant strength,
Slow-dying under a strange thirst.
He questions which is worst; no hands when born;
Hands crippled; or this crown of thorn;
To see bright blood, bold sinew, pliant bone
Hanging inert?
Once they swung, powerful, expert,
With breathy beam, or to a metal tongue
That now must drag, shamed anchors of horned flesh,
Muting his labor-song
With its component counterpoint of wage.
What wonder that he questions if the gods be just
Who deal such stagnant wrong. . .
Permit such anchorage.

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"Capacity to Pay"

By Frank Whitson Fetter

What does this much abused phrase really mean?

"Capacity to pay" was one of the catch phrases of the post-War era. For more than a decade it has permeated discussions of the financial liquidation of the War. The Dawes Plan and the Young Plan were ostensibly based upon it, and it provided the formula for the settlement of the War debts. Though the Lausanne settlement apparently means an end of the argument over Germany's capacity to pay reparations, the phrase is still met frequently in current discussions of the War debts, and we are likely to hear of it again in connection with the German debts to private creditors.

The notion of "capacity to pay" as the proper test to apply in determining international debt payments arose out of the fact that the original demands of the Allies for reparations and the obligations of the Allies to the United States on War debts were so large that even the most chauvinistic Frenchmen, even the most patriotic citizens of the corn belt, were forced to the realization that full collection of their respective obligations was impossible. If the Allies, and in turn their American creditor, could not collect one hundred cents on the dollar, how much should they collect? The answer, accepted at the time by debtors and creditors alike, was that settlement should be made in accordance with "capacity to pay." Yet these settlements, supposed to have been made on the basis of an economic formula so reasonable in its appearance, have broken down completely. When we consider the nature of these obligations, and the meaning of "capacity to pay" as applied to the indebtedness of Governments, the outcome is not surprising.

The French, in their earlier negotiations with the Germans, were inclined to test "capacity" by the proddings of the bayonet. But after the Ruhr adventure, Germany's "capacity to pay" was discussed with at least some recognition of economic realities. However, with the spectre of the French divisions looming in the background, the relations between victor and vanquished were for some years bound to be on a somewhat different basis than those between the United States and her erstwhile Allies. It is in the negotiations of the United States with her European debtors that we can best observe the formula of "capacity to pay" in action.

As early as the time of the Peace Conference, Allied representatives had sounded out the United States on the possibility of canceling their debts, or in some way linking them up with reparations. Our Government refused to

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consider any such scheme. The Allied debtors seemed in no haste to settle, and unpaid interest was accruing at the rate of nearly a half billion dollars a year. The American Government, however, made no immediate efforts to dun the debtors. The attitude, as expressed in a letter written by Carter Glass, then Secretary of the Treasury, in December, 1919, was that until normal economic life was resumed in Europe an attempt to collect from our debtors would "decrease their ultimate capacity to pay their debt to us."

Secretary Mellon, in a letter to President Harding in June, 1921, suggested that in the case of some countries it might be necessary "to work out a refunding plan reasonably within the ability of such country to carry out." Congress, by Act of February 9, 1922, authorized the appointment of the World War Foreign Debt Commission, with authority to fund the debts for a period not exceeding twenty-five years, and at an interest rate not less than 4.25 per cent. It soon became apparent, however, that the debtors would not agree to settle on the terms authorized by Congress. Hence the Commission negotiated settlements running for sixty-two years, with interest rates ranging from 3.3 per cent in the case of Great Britain and several other countries down to .4 per cent in the case of Italy, which were subsequently ratified by Congress. All of these settlements were, according to the Commission, based on the principle of "capacity to pay" and on this basis were defended against Congressional critics.

THE heart of the problem of "capacity to pay" lies in the distinction between the debts of private parties and the debts of sovereign States. Private debtors can not escape their obligations simply because they do not wish to pay, or because they feel that the debt is not morally binding upon them. Municipal law sets up standards by which the legal obligation to pay is determined, and machinery by which collection can be made from unwilling debtors. The personal wishes of the debtor, or his feelings toward the creditor, have nothing to do with the course of the law. A debtor can not be relieved from paying because he is accustomed to a standard of living requiring two cars and a servant; he can not plead that the loss of funds to support his wife in the style to which she has become accustomed will lead to domestic discord. He can not refuse to pay because the creditor is already a wealthy man. Sometimes a creditor, rather than go to the trouble and expense of formal bankruptcy proceedings, will make some agreement by which the debtor is to pay less than the amounts called for in the contract. Such settlements are usually on the basis of the debtor's financial condition — his "capacity to pay."

When the term "capacity to pay" was used in connection with the reparations, and more particularly the War debts, it was a situation like that suggested above that came to the mind of the average American. "The Allies can't pay in full, therefore we are willing, in order to prevent bankruptcy proceedings, to knock something off the debt," was the American attitude of the middle Nineteen-Twenties. The average American, as well as his Congressional spokesman in Washington, thought of America's relations to our European debtors in the same terms as he thought of the relations of an investor to a borrower on a farm mortgage who had suffered a succession of crop failures. Rep-

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resentative Crisp, a member of the Debt Commission, when testifying before the Ways and Means Committee in 1926 in regard to the settlement with Italy, undoubtedly expressed a general American view when he said:

"I was actuated by the same motives that I would have if I was an attorney representing you with a claim against an insolvent concern. I would make the best settlement that I could get. And if by extending leniency I could permit that concern to continue business, hoping that it would become better able financially to meet its obligations, I would pursue that course rather than throw it into bankruptcy."

Such a view ignores the all-important fact that there is no court where the creditors of sovereign States can seek redress. British investors in the bonds of several of our Southern States learned this long ago. If pride or expediency does not make a Government pay its debts, there is no recourse open to the creditor short of armed intervention. The element of good faith and the recognition by the debtor of the essential justice of the obligation lie back of the payment of all Government debts.

IN THE discussions of our Debt Commission with the representatives of the debtor countries, much emphasis was laid on certain economic data, in particular national wealth, Government finances, currency and the balance of payments. The report of the Ways and Means Committee said that budget expenditures, foreign trade and national income "constitute the basis of ability to pay." Numerous statements by the negotiators, both foreign and American, would likewise indicate that it was from such data that "capacity to pay" was determined.

Yet close reading of the reports of our Debt Commission make it quite apparent that such economic data were not used to set up any objective standard of "capacity." Probably the closest attempt at definition was made by the American Commission in a statement to the French Commission:

> We believe it is fully recognized by both commissions that the only basis of negotiations fair to both peoples is the principle of the capacity of France to pay. The nub of the difficulty of the two commissions arises from a difference in the judgment as to the future capacity of France to pay without, as we have stated, undermining her economic and social fabric.

Later Secretary Mellon, in a letter to President Hibben of Princeton University, referred to the formula of "capacity to pay generously applied" as the "guiding principle of justice" used in making the settlements.

These statements, however, did not set up standards. The settlements were almost as much a matter of horse trading as though no economic data had been introduced. These data became in fact little more than an arsenal from which one side or the other would take arguments to defend its position. It seemed that every offer of payment, every refusal, every suggestion of compromise terms, was presented as the proper interpretation of the gospel of "capacity to pay." In practice, the term became a catch phrase to word in more diplomatic language the insistence of the creditor that more must be paid or the refusal of the debtors to agree to larger payments.

The members of the Debt Commission in their more candid moments frankly recognized this, and admitted that "capacity" was determined largely by a process of dickering. Particularly was this true in the case of the Italian

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settlement, where the very great reduction in interest put the Commission on the defensive before a skeptical and somewhat hostile Congress that felt that the Italians had put something over on the American negotiators.

Senator Smoot said, in defending the settlement in the Senate: "Italy says she cannot pay any more, and there is no way by which we can make her change her opinion. . . . What we want to get — what we feel we ought to get — is entirely beside the point. The only question is 'What can we get?'"

Such statements put an interpretation on the term "capacity to pay" very different from that of economic capacity associated with standards of living and national income. If we apply literally the doctrine of Senator Smoot and others to the present state of opinion in Europe, there is virtually no "capacity to pay" in any of the debtor countries, and there is no prospect that economic recovery will create any such capacity. A country's capacity to pay a foreign debt is based fundamentally on the willingness of its people to stand taxation, and the ability of the Administration to stay in power if it adopts an unpopular policy. In the case of Government debts there is no such thing as "capacity to pay," separate and apart from willingness to pay.

THOSE who have insisted on the collection of the War debts pride themselves on their realism. To them, the decision of America to collect represented a triumph of our practical good sense over the theories of the college professors and the sentimentalists. Yet, in the light of what has already happened, and what seems certain to happen, one wonders if the real windmill-tilters were not the self-styled practical men who thought of the War debts as glorified farm mortgages. No view can be called realistic which ignores the fundamental distinction between governmental debts and private debts, and considers of no consequence the all-important fact that Europe does not recognize the essential justice of our claims. Yet the position of those high in authority seems to be that it lies in the hands of the American Government to decide whether or not we shall collect the debts. Official Washington still clings to the farm mortgage theory of the War debts.

It was probably inevitable that America and Europe should not have seen eye to eye on the debts. With American public opinion as it was in the Nineteen-Twenties, it is almost unthinkable that Congress would have agreed to cancelation, or to a reduction materially greater than was actually granted. Given that situation, perhaps it was better that a *modus vivendi* was arrived at in the formula of "capacity to pay" than that there should have been an outright break between debtors and creditor. Much the same conclusion applies to the relations between Germany and the Continental powers who were insistent upon large reparations payments. If this is true, and it was really better for a few years to dodge realities than to face them, then the formula of "capacity to pay" did good service as a compromiser and peacemaker. It clothed the ugly realities of political differences in the less forbidding garb of economic generalities. This is the most charitable judgment that can be pronounced.

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Dog-Fight

By Henry Morton Robinson

A Story

So HAGGERTY had skipped with the takings! Sixty dollars perhaps — scarcely enough, thought Anchor, to tempt even a gray roach like Haggerty. But it had. The straw suitcase was gone, and that had been Haggerty's; the light tan overcoat was gone, and that had been Anchor's. Nothing but the battered canvas sea-bag remained. Anchor didn't even bother looking into it. He knew what it contained: a couple of sweat-eaten wrestling tights, a dented aluminum supporter, six ill-paired gym shoes, and a brass anchor about a foot long. The anchor was for luck and had been given him by his shipmates when he won the catch-as-catch-can championship of the Pacific Fleet. It was green and tarnished now — like Anchor Bellows's luck.

The anchor had begun to corrode about a year ago when he started out on this barnstorming business under the personal management of Finn (alias Five-Spot or Folding-Bed) Haggerty. It had been a tough year of walk-up hotels and one-night shows in the coal country, challenging all comers, tossing three or four local arm-grabbers onto their respective clavicles every night in the week, all for the price of a fried steak in some Greek lard-shop and a flat in Pittsburgh for Bella. A bum business, especially being away from Bella.

And now Haggerty had given him the run-around. Well that was small loss. A cork-screw soul and a short-change habit of mind made Haggerty no bargain anyway; managers better than Haggerty could be picked up for a dime a dozen if he ever needed one. But the far more pressing problem — a problem that worried Anchor plenty as he emptied some dusty water into the washstand and patted it on a mat-burned elbow — was, "How'll I break the news to Grimm?" What did a guy like Grimm say and do when he saw that a couple of barnstormers were giving him the double-bank? Anchor didn't know. He only knew that Grimm had a nasty lip, and that a nasty lip on a guy you owe money to, was bad — bad.

For solace, Anchor looked at his teeth in the water-stained mirror. When he was low he always liked to look at his teeth. They were square, thick and yellowish-white, sound as growing ivory, with blunt grinding surfaces unflawed by decay and guiltless of dentistry. Anchor gazed first at the lowers, then at the uppers, trying the tusk-like canines with his thumb and forefinger, tapping the incisors lightly with his knuckles and smiling with pleasure at the healthy reverberation. Then he

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clicked his jaws together, patted some more water on the mat-burn, and thought of Bella. The sooner he got back to Bella the better. Bella was that kind of a girl. The thought of her hurried him into his shirt (how did Haggerty happen to leave *that?*) and caused him to fumble blurrishly with his tie. Then with the Bella impetus still on him he bulged through the narrow door of the hotel room and clumped down the uncarpeted stairs to the office.

The office of the Eagle House was a buttery-like enclosure, windowless and rather long, with a safe at the dark end. It was lighted by a fifteen-watt bulb, and under this bulb sat Herman Grimm, bald-headed, hairy-wristed and not conspicuously neat about the neck. Grimm was smoking a cigar which to Anchor's breakfastless nose smelled exceedingly rancid. When Anchor appeared in the doorway Grimm switched the burning brand to the other side of his mouth and grunted:

"I been wondering when you fellers were coming down."

Anchor couldn't resist the opening. "There's only one of us left, Mr. Grimm," he said. "Haggerty skipped out on me last night."

Mr. Grimm started to push himself up from his chair, then as if recalling something, sat down again.

"What's that to me? You're here. Where's the money?"

"Haggerty's got it. Every cent. He even took my overcoat."

Grimm did push himself up this time. He shoved a greasy lower lip under Anchor's chin and shouted:

"I don't care if he took your gold teeth. What you crooks take off each other ain't any of my business. I want damages for what happened to my hall last night, *plus* the hotel board bill. Understand?"

"I understand perfect, Mr. Grimm. But how can I pay what I haven't got?"

"It's a racket," snapped Grimm. "But it won't work with me. Do you think I'm a Polack steel-puddler? Come on Bellows, wire your pal that he better send the hundred — or it's the can for his little wrestler here."

"Listen, Grimm, let's stop sparring. I've told you a straight story and you can do what you want about it. I didn't have a thing to do with that phony business last night. That was Haggerty's work. I was trying to throw that Polack inside the time limit, and if Haggerty let the time run over a couple of minutes and those guys busted up your hall, it's not my fault. You can throw me into the can or let your hired men tar and feather me. Or better yet you can let me put on another show for you. I'll challenge the Polack to a finish bout. . . ."

"A swell drawing card you'd be," sneered Grimm. "You didn't come anywhere's near throwing him last night."

"There was a time limit then, and he's not so dumb either. That Polack's had a lot of wrestling. But in a finish bout, two out of three falls, I'd dust the mat with him."

"Yah," observed Grimm wearily. "If you threw him they'd wreck the hall again, and if he threw you, they'd burn it down. Talk about Wops being temperamental. These Polack's is opera-singers compared to them."

There was a long silence.

"Well, here I am ready to work," said Anchor finally.

Grimm glanced at him curiously, greasy lip extended.

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"Bellows, what would you do to pay off that hundred?"

"Almost anything that wouldn't get me finger-printed."

"I didn't mean that." Grimm half rose in his chair, remembered something and sat down again. When he spoke again he was blinking at the fifteen-watt bulb.

"You're a pretty tough wrestler aren't you, Bellows?"

"There's only one man ever threw me in a finish match and that was Strangler Lewis."

"Thasso? You've wrestled all kinds, I guess — men bigger'n yourself and all that?"

"That baby last night had sixty pounds onto me, didn't he?"

"Yes, he was quite a bit heavier." Somehow Grimm's eyes couldn't come to a focus on Anchor's face. "Say," he said finally, "have you ever heard of a man named Horner hereabouts?"

"Horner? No. He's not a wrestler is he?"

"No, he's not a wrestler. He's a — a sort of promoter."

"I thought you were the big promoter in this county, Mr. Grimm."

"Well, Horner handles a different line from me. Cock-fighting — more like that . . ." Grimm's cheek muscles were working now. "He's got some pretty good ideas on shows. I thought perhaps we might go out and see him."

"Sure," said Anchor. "Right away. I'd like to fix things up so's I can get back to Pittsburgh today or tomorrow."

ZEKE HORNER's barn stood in the middle of a meadow three miles out of town. It was a big mansarded structure covered with faded shingles; the windows were covered on the inside with yellowed newspaper, and a heavy door was secured to its jamb by a black iron padlock. The big lock, the yellowed window-coverings and the very location of the building seemed to say, "Nothing good goes on in this place."

Actually no good thing did go on in Zeke Horner's barn.

This Zeke Horner had discovered about five years before that men liked to see death-battles between animals and would pay for the privilege of looking at such contests. The discovery had pleased Zeke enormously, because he himself liked to watch a nice finish fight between animals, and had a knack of thinking up strange encounters. He had once put a wild-cat and a rattlesnake into a screened box just to see what would happen. The snake bit the cat and the cat shook the snake — and both came out of the box dead. This was no fun for the audience somehow, because Zeke's customers liked to see a victor even if he was all hacked to pieces. So thereafter Zeke confined himself to matching dogs, fighting-cocks and rats. He used to put a female rat in with two males, and that made a pretty good show. Zeke was making money off his idea; a steady bunch of customers would pay up to a dollar apiece to see his shows, and when he had a real contest his big mansarded barn was jammed to the rafters.

Grimm and Anchor, driving up to Zeke's barn, found him elegantly employed in scratching a terrier's back with a wire comb.

"How's the rassling business?" grinned Horner, examining the wire comb minutely. "I hear you had quite a fracas over to the hall last night. Chairs broke and all that. I couldn't get over. My houn' was sick. Somebody tried to poison him when he broke loose last week."

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"Thasso?" Grimm let a decent interval elapse before entering upon new business. "Horner," he said at length, "I want you should meet Anchor Bellows, a right smart wrestler that was the navy champ a couple years ago, and he's a willing mixer especially in a finish match. He owes me a little money and I kind of thought you might fix up a scheme so's he could pay it off."

"What kind of a scheme you mean, Grimm?" Horner's eyes were asking for certain information. He got it when Grimm drew down one corner of his mouth — the corner away from Anchor — and replied:

"Oh, almost anything. Anchor here ain't fussy, and you're pretty good at thinking up novelty shows. What c'n you offer?"

Anchor meanwhile was trying to stroke the terrier, but the beast made a lunge at his hand and almost nipped the thick outside round of his palm. Horner regarded the dog affectionately as he drawled out his proposition.

"This snappin' terrier just gave me an idea. If your friend here isn't afraid of dogs and is willing to go to work — why we all might make a piece of change. Of course the terrier's too small, but then I got other dogs more to the size of the job."

"The houn' dog?" queried Grimm.

"The houn's sick I told you. No, I meant the — the other one."

"Wolfy?"

"Yeh, Wolfy. He'd match up about even, heh?"

There was a silence as both men looked at Anchor.

"How about it, Bellows?" Grimm asked finally. "You willing to go on with Horner's dog?"

Anchor had a sick feeling high in his stomach.

"Suppose I say no?"

"Then I'll see that you work out your bill with the county road-gang. Fifty cents a day — you'll be at it six months."

Anchor thought of blonde Bella sitting alone in the Pittsburgh flat for six months; then he had another thought of her not sitting alone.

"Let me see the dog," he said.

ANCHOR BELLOWS gazed into the water-stained mirror at his square white teeth for the twelfth time since morning. For the past thirty-six hours his teeth were practically the only encouragement he had received from within or without; since his return from Horner's barn Grimm had held him a close prisoner in a top-story room in his ramshackle hotel while the business of assembling a crowd for the coming fight was pushed with all the promoter's energy.

Gazing out of the window about four o'clock Anchor could see little knots of men in the courtyard below. They had stood there all afternoon, pointing and looking up at his window and arguing in undertones about his chances with Horner's dog. Their furtive tones and gestures made Anchor feel as though they were discussing a corpse. Along towards nightfall a guard was established in the courtyard — a lanky tobacco-chewing guard who sat on a barrel with a shotgun across his knees and twiddled a very loose trigger with annoying nonchalance. After watching him an hour or two and finding that he was more alert than decorative, Anchor rolled into bed and slept till daybreak. He dreamed that he and Bella were eating oysters together.

Waking, he lay on the soggy bed and considered the alternatives before him.

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He could go through with this dog business tonight, or he could back out and take the rap in a State road-camp for six months. In the silence of dawn both alternatives seemed ghastly to him. The sight of the monstrous dog crunching a beef bone in a steel wire cage had not seemed so terrible yesterday, but the image obsessed him now as he racked his brain for stories of fights between men and beasts. He could recall not one. He had no idea where the odds lay in such a battle, or how long it might last. Did a dog break down when the fight was going against it, or did the pressure of adversity squeeze new energy into the dog's heart? Probably it all depended on the dog. The only thing Anchor knew positively was that a fighting dog goes for its opponent's throat, and on this basic knowledge he built his theory of defense. It was a good theory — if it worked. When the plan was finished and rehearsed a couple of times, Anchor got up and looked at his teeth in the glass. They were very splendid teeth and he felt that he had more than a fair chance of beating the dog.

He smiled as he thought of the oyster dream. He'd be back in Pittsburgh with Bella this time tomorrow. She'd have a few dollars and they'd eat oysters all right.

Towards the middle of the afternoon his courage began to ooze again. Looking out of the window he saw a crowd, larger than yesterday, standing in the courtyard and looking up at his room. Once when he opened the window to get a little air the crowd buzzed excitedly and he heard some one say, "There's the wild man." It made Anchor angry. "I'll show them what a wild man I am," he muttered, seizing the water pitcher and hurling it out the window. He followed it with the cracked basin and rickety washstand. The utensils fell on some heads, crushed a derby or two, and splattered over the pavement as the crowd ducked for shelter.

In a moment Grimm was pounding on the door.

"What you doing in there?" he shouted.

"Just getting a little exercise." Anchor was laughing loudly, excitedly now. If Grimm had come in he would have thrown Grimm out the window, too. But Grimm did not come in. "You better save your strength for tonight," he warned from the other side of the door. Then he clumped downstairs, secretly glad that Bellows had thrown the pitcher and basin out the window. It played up the wild man note that Grimm had struck in promoting the fight, and would act as a great stimulus to attendance.

"Serve that wild man upstairs with a raw steak for supper," he shouted into the kitchen so every one in the courtyard could hear. It was gorgeous showmanship, Grimm felt. Privately he told the waiter not to bring down the remains of the meal; he suspected, quite wrongly, that the prisoner would not do terrific damage to the food. But Anchor fooled him. Remembering the dog crunching his bone, Anchor grinned as he attacked the underdone steak.

"I'll trim them at their own game," he said as he threw the T-bone out the window.

At seven o'clock Anchor heard a rap on the door. It was Grimm.

"Come on," he said, "we're going." The shotgun guard and another man were standing behind him.

Anchor grabbed his duffle bag and followed Grimm downstairs. A silent

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crowd eyed the party as Anchor took his place in the back seat of the open Ford. The only thought he had was, "I'm glad I'm going to get some air." No one spoke during the half-hour drive into the country; the Ford labored painfully under the weight of its four heavy occupants, taking the hills in sputtering low gear and protesting soggily at every slough. It was dark when they reached the big barn in the centre of the treeless field. Already there were a lot of cars parked in the field.

"Pile out," said Grimm. "Looks as if there'd be a good crowd."

A minute later the barn door opened and Anchor was shoved into a strong, darkly shadowed circle of light thrown by a hissing gasoline lamp. The inside of the barn had been remodeled for animal-fighting by letting the floor down into a circular pit effect, walled in by unpainted pine boards about three feet high. The pit was covered with straw and was about twenty feet in diameter. Rows of benches ran in a double tier around the pit; the overflow could stand in the lofts and look down on the pit from above. From the rafters hung a rusty sledge chain and a big hay-rake, mementoes of the time when Zeke Horner had been an honest farmer.

A hush fell over the barn as Anchor entered. No cheering, no applause, nothing that usually marks the entrance of the gladiator. The lack of acclamation made Anchor realize how utterly alone he was here, with not even a paid handler to whisper encouragement at him.

"Where'll I undress?" he asked, turning to Grimm.

"Why right here, I guess. There's no ladies present." Every one laughed.

Bellows stripped and then drew on his oldest wrestling tights. His fingers were trembling as he laced up his mat shoes but he could not bring himself to ask for help. When he was dressed he emptied the remaining clothes from the canvas bag and carefully drew the cord out of the brass eyelets around its neck. Then folding the sea-bag flat, he wound it tightly like a thick bandage from wrist to elbow. He now laid the brass anchor like a splint along his forearm and kissed the corroded metal for luck. To this he added his other wrestling suit, wrapping it around his forearm until it looked like a ham encased in a black stocking.

As he tied the bandage into place with the cord he heard a chain clanking. Anchor looked up and saw his antagonist, a huge-headed, ruff-necked beast slavering at the mouth and whining throatily as Horner restrained him with a short thick chain. The animal received no ovation, however, a fact that subtly cheered the wrestler. "He's no more popular than I am," thought Anchor, struggling with the cord that was to bind up his arm bandage.

"Here, let me tie it for you," said a stranger standing near him. It was the first friendly voice Bellows had heard in days; it gave him something like confidence. "Thanks, buddy," he said as the man finished tying the knot.

"Kick him in the short ribs," said the man without looking at Anchor's face. "Kill the bastard. He killed my best dog last month." The man merged into the shadows again, and Anchor nervously smoothed the cloth ham on his forearm as Horner clambered into the pit. "That guy didn't do me so much good after all," thought Anchor.

"Now, gents," began Horner, "we're

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going to witness a real unique contest, something that the sporting element of Callaghan County'll long remember, in fact I'm here to say that you'll probably never forget it. A fight between a man and a wolf-dog, gentlemen, the man using no weapons but his hands and the dog using no weapons so to speak but his teeth. Now I want that every one here should understand that this gentleman that's going to fight Wolfy offered to do so of his own accord and at his own risk, and if he gets hurt why he ain't got anybody to blame but hisself. Of course we don't intend that the bout'll end fatal, and I'm here to pull Wolfy off in case things looks too bad, but I don't want no complaints if I don't pull soon enough." He turned to Bellows. "Do you get that, mister?" he asked.

"I get it," replied Bellows, "but I want you to get this too, Mr. Flea-Squeezer, that if I crush the guts out of your dog here, I don't want to hear no yelping from anybody but the dog; and what's more, if I kill him there'll be no bills presented. Is that right?"

"That's right mister, *if* you kill him."

"O. K. Let's start."

Horner withdrew to one side of the pit and put his mouth to the dog's ear. Anchor, from his side of the ring, could see Horner pointing at him and talking to the beast exactly as a veteran handler talks to his man. What Bellows did not see was the smear of beef-blood that Horner wiped across the dog's muzzle. The smell of the blood infuriated the beast; he growled for prey and tugged at his chain. Waiting till the tension of the chain was just right, Horner cried:

"Ready?"

"Ready" said Bellows. He heard Horner click the chain-release, and in a split second the dog was across the pit at him in an avalanche of teeth and fur.

Half-way across the ring the dog left the ground, paws extended, muzzle gaping, coming like a brute arrow for Anchor's throat. The wrestler had no time to think. He shot up his bandaged arm to meet the oncoming thrust, and the dog's fangs sank deep into the wrapped woolen and canvas.

The catapulting fury of the beast knocked Bellows over backwards. The dog was on top of him now, his flaming eyes close to Bellow's face, his steel fangs cutting through the wrapped bandage on his left forearm. That was exactly what Anchor wanted him to do. With his free right arm he crushed the beast's head closer to himself and held it in a muscular vise while he slid his legs down the dog's hairy flank feeling for the precise position of the animal's thumping heart. He located it at the short ribs, then locking his ankles together he gave a half-roll to the right and crushed his knees together.

It was a full scissors and headlock, a hold that would crush the life out of anything that could be encircled by a man's legs. The dog felt the awful pressure at his heart and bowels; with a yowl of pain he loosed his hold on Bellow's forearm and made a new try for the wrestler's throat. But Anchor bound the furred neck close with an iron right arm, and again thrust the bandaged left forearm like a gag into the dog's open jaws. Again the dog crunched, and only the brass anchor prevented his teeth from meeting completely in Bellow's flesh. Now with a killer's fury Bellows brought his knees closer and closer together, crushing the dog's viscera in a terrible hold. He felt the dog's two lower ribs snap under the clamping, fool-proof pressure. He

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rolled more to the right and brought his full weight onto the dog's extended body, at the same time jamming the bandaged gag deeper into the lolling jaws. Then for a moment he turned on the full current of the scissor's pressure — a thing he had never done in all his years on the mat.

The dog went limp in his arms.

Bellows held the pressure until Horner came over. Looking up at him Bellows asked:

"Want me to kill your pet, mister?"

"No," said Horner subdued, "let him up."

Anchor released his hold and got up. There was no cheer from the crowd. The only sound was the hissing of the gasoline lamp and the broken panting of the dog as Horner knelt over him weeping.

Bellows pulled the wool and canvas off his arm; the brass anchor was smeared with blood, and the forearm hung limp as the splint came off.

"Give me my fare to Pittsburgh," said Bellows as Grimm came over pale and trembling. "I know a nurse there that'll fix it without asking no questions."

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One Thing We Know

By A. F. Hinrichs

In all the economic debate going on today one trend only is undisputed; and from that we can foresee some of the things about to happen to us

The population of the United States is rapidly approaching a maximum. This statement would be accepted without question by the vast majority of economists and statisticians today. It is the most significant discovery of the probable framework of our future economic world which has been made in this last decade.

This will be a basic change that may force the development of new social and economic institutions. Because it is an enduring force, it is a more powerful directive than merely the general and perhaps temporary fact of depression. Change, forecast on the basis of forces persisting through good times and bad, finds support in historical parallels. A radical reorganization of our economic system merely because a depression exists has no historical precedent; such thinking savors of the short-sightedness that characterized the late-lamented "new era."

In the latter half of the Nineteenth Century few Americans worried about a "population problem." Virgin soil, undeveloped mineral resources and an advancing science and technology gave each man of the added millions more things than his father had had.

Neo-Malthusianism became general only in this century, when the frontier had disappeared. Mindful of the tremendous growth in the last century, we began to project future populations and to wonder how they might live. Optimists dreamed of synthetic foods and pessimists translated calorie intake for the additional millions into acres of land needed under various types of crop with present methods of cultivation.

Only gradually did the significant fact emerge: population increase must be projected at a decreasing rate. Raymond Pearl, a biologist of Johns Hopkins, in a series of studies found a tendency to approach a maximum among human and other populations at first rapidly and then more and more slowly. In 1922 he predicted an ultimate population for the United States of 197,000,000. For 1970 he predicted 167,000,000, growth at less than a quarter of the early American rate.

Robert Kuczynski jarred economists and statisticians with a brilliant paradox in 1926. He showed by a detailed study of births and deaths that in most western European countries, despite the fact that succeeding census counts or esti-

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mates show an increase of population, actually the population is not being reproduced. What better illustration could one ask of the utterly ridiculous in statistical manipulation? An increasing population is tending to decline! Though it sounds like research gone mad, it is sober fact. The recent increase in population has been due essentially to a decline in the death rate and to the presence of a relatively large proportion of women in the child-bearing ages. Actually with prevailing birth rates and death rates females reaching child-bearing age in most western European countries are not producing another female who reaches the child-bearing age.

Warren S. Thompson and P. K. Whelpton of the Scripps Foundation in 1928 abandoned the mathematical method of forecast used by Pearl. They found that the trend of birth rates, death rates and migrations, if continued, would give a population of 171,000,000 in 1970. With considerable assurance they forecast that for the next two decades population will increase from 122,000,000 in 1930 to about 132,000,000 in 1940 and to about 140,000,000 in 1950. Population is stabilizing rather rapidly. In the next twenty years the growth projected is only slightly greater than that which occurred in the last decade. Prior to the Civil War the lowest rate of increase for a twenty-year period was seventy-seven per cent from 1820 to 1840. The increase from 1890 to 1910 was forty-five per cent. The projected growth from 1930 to 1950 is only fifteen per cent.

Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, an outstanding authority on population, has recently produced the most overwhelming estimate. He predicts a population of 150,000,000 in 1970 with a subsequent decline.

Forget all precise figures forecast for 1970. They are regarded by their authors as little more than educated guesses. Too many vital changes in underlying factors may intervene. They do show all authorities in agreement that the only reasonable guess is that population will increase much more slowly in the future than it has in the past.

To most students of population it seemed reassuring that western Europe had ceased to grow and that the United States will grow but slowly. We had looked at what we thought was to be slowly increasing hunger in an overcrowded Garden of Eden. We are now told that there will be no such severe overcrowding; we breathe a sigh of relief and look abroad in a troubled world for new problems. The population problem is noted on our diaries as already in process of solution.

ALMOST all commentators on American habits of thought have characterized us as speculators. The more unkind have remarked on the widespread mania "to get something for nothing." We have rather spoken of the "spirit of adventure" of our people and have embossed our copy books with the maxim, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

This attitude grew out of the existence of speculative opportunities, created in large part by the growth of population. The case is most obvious with reference to land values. The wealth of the Astors and the Wendells is an economic manifestation of the fact that in 130 years New York City grew from a place the size of present day Kalamazoo to become the largest city

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of the world, numbering almost as many people as lived in all the United States in 1800. If only the Wendell family had gained wealth in this fashion, it might have had no influence in shaping our habits of thought. But almost every owner of land, and they number millions, has experienced such gains. Hamlin Garland's book of the middle border is replete with the tale of the free prairie, the trickle of humanity that became a raging torrent when the dike was destroyed, the value acquired by the choicer sites, and free land always a mirage on the horizon for the vast majority. Gary, sand dunes and waste on the shores of Lake Michigan in 1907, became a thriving city with urban real estate values. Los Angeles and Main Street; land in America! Almost always the boom has been carried to an extreme; from Chicago to Miami the offices of recorders of deeds and mortgages are littered with the tragic story of the man who arrived too late. But in general landowners in America have added to their fortunes.

In consequence we as a nation are real-estate-minded. We think of land not in terms of use but in terms of value, in fact, in terms of somebody else's probable appraisal in the future. A small New England town affords a perfect illustration. The automobile awoke it from its Rip Van Winkle sleep through the ages. Its population is, however, essentially stable in the sense that those who live there today will also live there tomorrow and ten years hence.

On a hillside overlooking the blue waters of Narragansett Bay lay a beautiful ten-acre site. From a ledge of rock one looked across the waving grass and under the great limb of a hundred-year-old oak to the bay with its farther bank of pines, its surface broken with dabs of white and cut by the bows of white-sailed sloops as they heeled in the breeze.

Today it stands as an ordinary real estate development. Denuded of all but one tree, divided into small rectangular plots so that much of the view is lost, every distinguishing characteristic is gone. A new street was run through a delicious tangle of lilac and forsythia. The last scene of the tragedy was the planting of a row of naked little maples to border the street. The occasional picnic ground of the neighborhood disappeared in the scaffolding of an unimaginative civilization.

Adjoining property owners were jubilant. They hardly thought of what they had lost, for land values would rise. The removal of these ten fine acres increased the scarcity value of their own holdings. The new contacts with the city would bring more fame to this developing suburb. Though no family contemplated moving as even a distant contingency, they gladly traded a part of paradise for paper profits, for a ten to one chance that they or their children might later want to sell advantageously.

It is useless to moralize about the fact that we are more interested in future increases in value than we are in our present enjoyment of land. The significant thing is that it has had a basis in reality, albeit Lewis Mumford and others writhe in the presence of what seem to them such vicious values. It has been possible to increase personal fortunes through land ownership; indeed on the average it has been impossible not to.

It is also significant that in the future this opportunity will become less and less general. Land will still increase in value and fall in value as population

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shifts. Locally, growth of population may continue to be a factor, but it will be by migration and not by natural increase. The average will be an approximate stand-off of aggregate land values. Certainly the increase will be less marked than it has been.

What is true of land values is also true of other resources. Some may increase in value as new uses are discovered. All may increase as we expand our standard of living and demand more from resources now in use. But by and large the increase will be less dramatic in the future than it has been in the past.

If the values of today tend to be also the values of tomorrow, we must expect our habits of thought to change. We shall scrutinize present values more carefully, protect them and develop them as far as we are able.

Speculation is essentially individualistic. It thrives on a lack of coördination. We do not expect that all will get something for nothing. We of the East Side do not want a plan developed that helps the West Side more than it does us. By shrewd manipulation of collective action I may steal a march on my neighbor. But in general the cross-hauling results merely in stalemate and social inaction. Our speculative plans and hopes are laid in an environment where we count on little from the group, place our faith in luck and the law of averages, and find our salvation in a freedom to twist and squirm, to shift position and to use what we own in any way that promises profit or a minimum loss.

The protection of existing values and the most perfect development of the existing pattern depend upon collective and coöperative action in modern urban areas. Zoning is a typical, though limited, illustration of protection. Collective force is applied to keep a gasoline station off your corner, to prevent my neighbor from leasing his lot to advertise Sotexat gasoline, to maintain a residential area against the encroachment of a factory.

We can already trace the influence of partial stabilization on zoning. So long as uses of land are changing and our own small holding may be the one in line to profit from the shift from a single-house frontage to an apartment site or from a residential corner to a retail centre, we strive for freedom, even if we have to give to another man the right to develop his land in a way we do not like. But when most of us are sure that our lands will retain their present uses, we will allow him to do nothing to lower the value of those uses.

Even more probable is it that with a stable population we shall exercise far more careful control over lands held out of use. Today we all view our undeveloped holdings near a city as potential house lots. Our habit of thought is shaped by the story of the suburban farms and gardens of Greenwich Village in our grandfather's day that have soared in value as they lost beauty, of goats clambering over rocky wasteland where now the latest masterpiece of bridge-building belches an endless line of automobiles into hot canyons where our modern cliff-dwellers live. So long as there is an advancing phalanx of brides and grooms pushing to the new frontier, we wish to cry our lands for sale. If some other subdivider splits the demand with me and we are left for years with unsold lots, it is part of the game. Next time I'll get fancier street names.

Property owners by and large can

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be expected to tolerate such development only so long as it is merely a matter of time until the subdivisions are taken up. Nothing can be more wasteful than planless subdivision which destroys choice open spaces with isolated urban-type dwellings and loads the community with heavy charges to provide public facilities to widely scattered residences or clusters of buildings. In this new world to which we are moving, when the mayor talks of city planning, he will no longer mean mild zoning and a monument in front of the city hall. Planning the uses of land to serve best the needs of the city will be almost an economic necessity.

This discussion of speculation, land values and land planning bears on the larger problem of economic planning which is so much to the fore at present. The habits of thought that grow out of planning have almost biological properties. The cells divide and multiply. Zoning, a radical doctrine a few years ago, is a commonplace today. City planning of a sort became at one time almost a mania. So also, in another field, did scientific management. No self-respecting business man could run his enterprise without calling in an expert, who could think of broad functional coördination, to plan his operations.

Such habits of thought also produce permutations. The *genus* remains; but new species develop. Each new problem that arises tends to be visualized in terms that have been applied to earlier problems. If these have been attacked in piecemeal fashion by a rule-of-thumb "common sense" individualism, so will be the new problem. If they have been attacked as functional wholes, with conscious coördination of many interests, the new problem will be analyzed in similar manner. Witness the fact that the engineer, who may have started by visualizing the functional relationship of the moving parts of a complex mechanism, is called upon today as first choice to integrate departments of a business, to prepare a city plan, and, if the world of the future contains a planned economic order, maybe to shove aside the economists of yesterday in the huge task of social engineering. None of these jobs calls for a knowledge of tensile strength, of torsional strains, of the properties of an electric current. They have but one thing in common, a habit of thought that the real engineer can not lose. So as we come to think of planning and social coördination, in larger number than we do today and at new points, we must expect a spread of the habit to still other fields, perhaps not yet apparent.

The changing age composition of the population will have many interesting consequences. As we approach a maximum population, the present tendency toward a large proportion of old and middle-aged persons will be accentuated. This of itself might be assumed to make us less speculatively inclined and less impetuous.

It is probable for two reasons, however, that socialism, in the sense of active social policy to achieve definite socially desired ends, will increase. Our society will no longer be one of rapidly multiplying opportunities. A marked tendency for individuals to remain on a given level is inevitable in a society in which advancement depends increasingly upon the removal of superiors through death. Our educational system may be used to maintain acquiescence in the essential rightness of a world of old

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rulers. We can hardly hope, when present status becomes increasingly a picture of future position as well, that existing conditions will not be more carefully scrutinized than they are today.

This stratification, in which individuals wonder more how their present position may be improved than how to find rapid advancement, will furnish a basis for group and class consciousness that has hardly existed as an effective force in American life. Collective action will become more powerful than it is today, not only among wage-earners but among white-collared workers, whose visions of sugar plums today foster an intensive individualism. Professor Sorokin of Harvard has shown that there is greater stratification in America today than there was two generations ago. With a stabilizing population it will develop even more rapidly.

In the second place this relative lack of new openings at the top will raise the quality of the leadership of the mass. In the past we have skimmed off most of the best capacity in the ranks of the workers and have thrown it into positions allied to industrial leadership. Though we can hardly imagine such an excess of genius that it will be impossible for unique capacity to rise, we must expect that many men of substantial ability will be left in the ranks. There will be then better leadership in the formulation of programmes for concerted group efforts and in the application of pressure to achieve common group interests.

THE probable decline of speculation and a growing stratification of society both point to specific types of planning and socialized thinking. From such specific routines may grow a more generalized habit of thought.

This is important, for a planned economy is the apparent alternative to the existing uncoördinated economic order, in which cumbersome and only roughly approximate adjustments within the whole are made through the mechanism of market price.

It is probable that the inherent weaknesses of the present planless system will become more apparent with a stabilizing population. It is worth while to examine the hypothesis that the economic order of Nineteenth Century England and America, with which we are still operating in the main, is better adapted to a numerically expanding society than it is to a more static one.

We are all familiar with the advantage of this uncontrolled economy. It has no social objectives; but the goal of private profit can ordinarily be achieved only if men's needs are served. Sprouts from English liberalism were grafted to the tree of life in every other modern country of the world, and in the United States on the average produced a finely colored fruit in more abundance than men have known elsewhere.

At least one serious drawback to economic individualism has manifested itself periodically. Productive capacity has constantly tended to outrun the economic limits of the existing market, not only in isolated industries but in all lines of basic production.

Population growth has played a leading rôle in saving the day. The business manager in basic industry forty years ago could hardly make a fatal blunder with reference to capacity. Even if per capita consumption remained constant, the market expanded by twenty per cent or more in ten years due to growth of population. If he overshot the mark in 1890, he was merely forehandedly

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preparing for 1900. This excessive zeal might cost him his personal fortune and bring a short-lived depression to the industry; but the midwives and obstetricians of the country and the immigrant agencies of the steamship companies saved the day eventually. It might be possible for Gould and his fellows to gather a few scalps on the short side of the market, but written between the lines of the census was the legend of conservatism: "Do not sell the United States short." The mothers of the country destroyed the meaning of the words "excess capacity."

This balancing force of population growth can not be counted upon in the future. Depreciation and an expansion of per capita consumption must restore any serious overshooting. Maladjustments will work themselves out more slowly than they have in the past. There is reason to believe that the original maladjustments will be at least as serious as they have been.

It is not intended to balance the merits or demerits of the planned and the free economy here. It may be noted, however, that a stabilizing population increases in some measure the difficulties of the existing order of individual initiative at the very point in which the planned economy is strongest. A more widespread desire for a socially planned economy must be reckoned as a response to the consequences of a slower rate of population growth.

In this next generation we must develop an intelligent policy to meet these needs. Unfortunately, policy must always be based on probabilities. We can not know the future, and policy at its best must be merely an attempt to shape some aspect of life within its probable future environment. Policy then involves a double guess: What is the future relevant environment likely to be? What specific means can be taken to modify the results we expect to achieve within this framework?

This uncertainty does not warrant delay. Since there will probably be gradual increases in population for the next several decades, the problems of stabilization are not of an emergency character. We do not need to set in operation tomorrow or next year the institutions which may be required to harmonize our economic structure and a new social philosophy. But if this possible change in social temper takes place, it will be wise to utilize the few remaining decades of real population growth to make an ever more rapid adaptation of our existing institutions.

Before we are forced into hurried action, we should use a few of these possibly precious years in study and thought as to the methods by which this adaptation can be effected. It may turn out that such thought and planning was needless. But this waste of energy is negligible in comparison with the possible alternative of forced action without adequate thought. Our thinking can not be hurried without enormous waste and fatal blunders. We shall have none too much time, when the general population becomes socially minded, to make the transformations desired; we shall have no time to reconcile the values of rugged individualism and the extreme of social coördination.

Today we stand with divided leadership. A few business men are already thinking of the implications of a social economy, and are trying to visualize the conservation of existing values and the acquisition of new standards as well. Others are making the fatal error of conceiving of social control imposed

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for the perpetuation of the comforts which individualism has until recently offered them. Still others raise the war cries of yesterday to hold in check a rising tide, by refusing it all access to the shores and bays and marshes. Our political leadership stands firmly on its own prejudices amid a confusing welter of exhortations and prayers, wondering from what evasions it may build a platform on which to climb to office.

If we witness a transformation of social thought in America within a generation, as now seems possible, the consequences of inaction and lack of forethought are ghastly to contemplate. If this is to be, executives had best not visualize the possible plight of their children. Industrial workers will do well to seek a place on the land from which subsistence can be drawn even during a social upheaval.

Song for a Low Voice

By Frances Frost

Although the green fruit proves
Bitter upon the tongue,
It is the first of love . . .
The wild, the furious young
Tang of the blossom turned
To the substance of desire.

When the uneasy mind has learned
The brevity of fire,
When the wise mouth has found
Desire not long,
Fruit broken on the ground
Is sweet and strong
And food for any heart
That can endure the wound.

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Red Rainbow

By Travis Hoke

Describing Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union

Most fame bears a single label, but Roger N. Baldwin's is so plentifully tagged that it makes him difficult to get at. He is a name to hundreds of thousands and a personage to thousands, and no ten of them will agree on a reason. He is a hero to some and a treacherous knave to others, and neither group can be sure in its prejudice. He is most powerful, and not a dozen enemies or allies quite know why, so that a sort of mythology has sprung up about him: long ago *The American Mercury* raised him to the Huneker-O'Neill peerage with *The Legend of Roger Baldwin;* Sinclair Lewis's *Man Who Knew Coolidge* spoke of him, with reverse sentiment, as he might speak of the elder Roosevelt; in Europe secret agents hopefully trail him. It is hard to weigh his achievements; they are off-stage, for others, for lost causes, for the defense, and they rest on the intangibles — the wire-pullings, running of meetings, enlisting of experts, the machiavellisms that only fellow professionals can adequately appreciate.

Preëminently, he is director of the American Civil Liberties Union, from behind which he is heard as from a gallery of masks. The Union makes glory for others and he makes glory for it, and it is plain proof of his personal dynamics that he himself is heard. When young Mr. Scopes plays stooge for Darwin or the Sumners break out with censorship, when the United States Government defends itself against Mary Ware Dennett or Count Karolyi, when strikers are enjoined or Wobblies American-legioned or Communists held to answer for the night-sweats of the Honorable Hamilton Fish — in short, whenever native folklore on freedom of speech and press and the process of law is subjected to the higher criticism of reality — a still, small voice whispers in the cells that the Union has landed and has the situation in mind, if not in hand. The voice has behind it only the three thousand Americans who fancy liberties enough to organize for them; it must issue from a valiant throat if it can cry fourteen years in the California wilderness for Mooney and Billings, rouse forty-seven States for Sacco and Vanzetti, and summon such necromancers of the bar as Darrow, Ernst, Hays and Malone. The throat — and the lungs and heart — is, of course, Baldwin, introduced by a lavish press in the familiar phrase "according to a statement issued by —."

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It is as an issuer of statements that most thousands admire or scorn him, whether they read the statements or not, yet he is many other things. He is many things, he could, if he wished, be still other things, and he will not even index himself, which annoys friend and foe alike. He is trustee of the Garland Fund and of five other funds. He is a member, and usually an officer, of some twenty organizations, from the International Labor Defense and the Friends of the Soviet Union, through the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Indian Defense Association and the National Urban League to the Linnæan Society and the Harvard Travelers' Club. He is a member of the Cooks' and Waiters' Union and he could be chef in the Frenchest of restaurants. He could be a Maine Guide or a Government forester or a professor of sociology. He could, and probably would, if he had the doing of it over again, be the greatest bird painter since Audubon; or prompter at the Metropolitan. He could have been a corporation executive at $50,000 a year, and he is director of the American Civil Liberties Union at the wage of a male stenographer.

His most notorious activities have centred in radical movements and in their saga he figures as a sort of libertarian Paul Bunyan, but even here there is no agreement; it is hard to put a finger on him. Emma Goldman admits that he puzzled her. Capitalists, because he was born to what passes with them for the purple, despise him as a Parlor Pink. Socialists loathe him as a Communist; local Communists expelled him from their party, which he had never joined, and in Russia the *tovarischi* told him he might not live long among them. He was jailed as a pacifist, yet he was and may still be an I.W.W., a zealot of direct action. He is an atheist or at least an agnostic, yet the Quakers send him scouting Europe with an olive branch in his mouth. He is a one-man movement, a petrel of peace, the Royal Nonesuch of radicalism, and he is viewed with alarm in respectable circles of every shade of thought. Yet the swaggerest capitalists bow him to their groaning boards and press money on him for the safer causes, Communists try to borrow the money and unite with him when their courses are tangent, Socialists lend a hand, frequently palm upward, to some of his endeavors and quote him when expedient, and they all join in to make him public welcomes as occasions arise, and his Harvard class invites him to address reunions.

It is not strange that he should follow a radical or at least a libertarian course. He is an hereditary dissenter, one of the few among Americans of established lineage. His family had been vigorous in the fomenting of dissenting ideas, their tradition was to work for causes, to become concerned with the public weal and form committees about it, to have views dissident though lofty and stand by them the more proudly because they were seldom popular. It is not clear just when Baldwins first began to suspect the perfection of the established order, for members of the family who trace themselves to one of William the Conqueror's counts have not chosen to dwell on anarchs in the line. But by Mayflower times the Baldwins had become Puritans of a sort, and as soon as the Puritans had New England on an even keel Baldwins started to rock the boat with Abolition and Unitarianism and

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other respectable forms of heterodoxy. After the Civil War they were zealous for the welfare of Negroes, founding colleges and leagues for them, and a Baldwin who moved to New York was an original member of the Committee of Fourteen. Robert Ingersoll was a friend of Roger's parents, Booker T. Washington often visited the home in Wellesley and young Roger played with his son and daughter. The Baldwins were heretics generally, and it is not strange that Roger should have carried on the tradition, but he carried it so far that he broke it. They were dissident in the Boston, or grand manner, carving tablets — new ones, but granite — on Mount Beacon for the Back Bay Moseses below; he went to live among the tribes, worked with them as well as for them. They dissented and attacked, but always within the limits of the *status quo*, while he jumped the chasm between liberal and radical by declaring against the right to private property, against the profit system. The leap was no sudden one, in youth he showed a few Reddish signs not to be expected of a Baldwin. Despite an abundance of servants in his home — perhaps because of it — he preferred waiting on himself, and after he was twelve spent most of his time alone in a camp he built on the bank of the Charles. Also he made a gesture toward democracy by refusing to attend private school, despite which handicap he got along well enough at Harvard, probably because his social activities were of the "service" type in the main. He was manager of the Harvard Entertainment Troupers, an outfit of singers, mandolin players, etc., who, by way of social servitude donated their platform appearances to any audience humble enough to welcome them. He made the Institute of 1770, the Harvard Memorial, played an armored ghost in the Hasty Pudding show, got an A.B. in three years and an M.A. in anthropology in the fourth and graduated with the class of '05, a class which produced such other eminents as Lothrop Stoddard, Clarence Dillon and Walter Gifford.

All this was completely Baldwinian, as was the year in Italy which followed. Nor was his decision to live in St. Louis more than a minor aberration, a rather fetching eccentricity, for he went there as professor of sociology in Washington University and his enclosure within ivied walls did much to assure relatives of his safety from the Indians, trappers and slave-owners of that uncouth remoteness. But the simple St. Louisans went their way all innocent of Baldwin traditions, hence there was no necessity to uphold them, and, in the language of the Comrades, he made his first "Left Deviation." He went to live in a neighborhood settlement house. He went to live with the people, instead of sitting on committees about them. There was washing of hands in Back Bay when runners broke through with the news.

It can not be said that he went to pieces all at once, however. Hereditary vestiges clung to him. He became probation officer in the Juvenile Court, he wrote books about juvenile delinquency and acquired a national reputation. He became secretary of the National Probation Association and counseled the mighty in social service so that he was offered important positions in the East. But, freed of the weighty Baldwin ægis, he liked living in St. Louis, where being a Baldwin did not count — indeed, as denoting a Damyank, might hurt. Perhaps it was the accident of his

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staying that led to his real Left-turning, perhaps he would have gone Red anyway. At any rate, Emma Goldman visited St. Louis. Baldwin had read Emma Goldman and had read about her and he felt sure he knew her ideas. They did not correspond with his own, so he went to her, protesting Harvardishly, seeking to argue things out with her in a fine, restrained manner. He found that he had not known her ideas, which were simple and exciting. She believed that government is founded on compulsion, compulsion on violence, and that violence is always wrong and stupid. She preached the far off coming of a time when humanity would be intelligently selfish and live by the Golden Rule with neither soldier nor statesman tarnishing its lustre. She believed this and preached it and had an answer to the opposition's inevitable profundity about the unchangeability of human nature, and young Baldwin found her words crystallizing his own ideas, long held. He has added to them since, and developed them, but they are still the basis of his beliefs and because of them, sympathize though he may with their struggles, he can not run with Communist or Socialist, who think to erect machineries of government that are fool-proof and rogue-proof. To him their ways are detours which must turn again to the beaten track, and his way must lead to where tracks vanish.

His conversion to benevolent anarchy inspired him to nothing more desperate, for the moment, than an admiration for the I.W.W. and the dining publicly with Miss Goldman and Alexander Berkman, but St. Louis, eager for sensation, was duly shocked. His friends, however, viewed the latter incident as a charming whimsicality, much as had his clan the trek to Western wilds, for he had not spent all his time in settlements nor had St. Louisans failed to find in him a young man of competence, keenness and charm. He had moved from the slums to a respectable neighborhood, had adopted two boys met in the Juvenile Court, belonged to clubs and visiting lists and altogether was held to be a citizen of superior soundness despite his youth and Harvard antecedents. "He was a very pleasant person, though not very vital," says Emma Goldman in her autobiography, "rather a social lion surrounded by society girls whose interest in the attractive young man was apparently greater than in his uplift work." The "uplift work" long since has ceased, but "society girls" still make attempts to surround him.

Considered safe, he was made secretary of the Civic League, sponsored and chiefly supported by the town's conservative business men, and there he projected reforms which might have riled the business men if he had not kept them occupied with committees on parks, civic art and city planning. He did not try to fool them, he believed sincerely that they were liberal and advanced; they believed that anything must be right which so right a young man advocated. Not all believed, of course: the street railways bitterly fought his amendments to the city charter providing for the initiative, referendum and recall. The amendments won by a minute margin and the public's first petition under the initiative was one to segregate Negro dwellings, a project no politician had dared attempt. If Baldwin heard derisive laughter from Abolitionist graves he gave no sign, but proceeded to fight the segregation to death in the Supreme Court.

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For eight years he was kept busy devising new and varied activities for the League, including a city plan which was put into effect twelve years after its inception at three times the original cost. Meantime Europe had gone to war. He watched the cloud scud westward, he was ready for it and in 1917 he resigned from the League and joined Oswald Garrison Villard and Lillian Wald in the American Union Against Militarism. In the Washington maelstrom of hysteria he saw that the immediate need was to keep afloat whatever remained of freedom — the immediate need and the basic need, for freedom of thought as well as of action was being renounced and he foresaw that it would take many years to rehabilitate freedom in the American consciousness, even when war had ended. He went to New York and started the Civil Liberties Union, which defended the rights of conscientious objectors and which has for its motto Voltaire's "I may not agree with a word you say but I will defend with my life your right to say it."

In the summer of 1918, when amateur spy-hunters were taking their fun where they found it under the Espionage Act, the Union was raided. Just before, however, he had resigned and had written his draft board that he would not answer their call. They were patient, they wrote to him: "Do not be contumacious." He liked being contumacious and arranged to surrender to Department of Justice operatives, for whom, as fellow professionals, he had some respect. But Mr. Archibald Stevenson's Union League clubmen were keen for the honor. They swooped down on him, mustaches bristling, eyes gleaming, badges all shiny. In one of the club's best limousines they took him to a police station and locked him up for the night. The Department of Justice admitted to being mortified; it took him to breakfast and then lodged him in the Tombs, whence, after his indictment, he went every day to the Civil Liberties office and directed the operatives as they put in order 20,000 papers which fifteen raiders had shuffled like cards. He was tried before Judge Julius Mayer, who conceded his sincerity, contrasted him with those who suddenly adopted pacifistic religions, and with a hint of regret sentenced him to a year in prison. He was taken to the county jail in Newark on Armistice Day, through streets thick with confetti and drunks. "I wrote him confessing my unkind judgment," says Miss Goldman, "and assuring him that his example had given me a salutary lesson of the need of greater care in the appraisement of people."

Life in jail was not so bad, for he found opportunity to do the work he liked and he made friends with prisoners and guards. The Department of Justice men took up a collection to buy him cigarettes; the warden, inclined to Sinn Fein, made him something more than a trusty — once he strolled to the street car with a departing visitor and got locked out of jail — and he treated himself to a field day of organizing, with a charity society for the families of prisoners, a welfare league and a class in current events. He had charge of the greenhouse, he was allowed to use the warden's piano and typewriter, he had in the daily paper and books from the library. He perfected his extensive knowledge of cooking in the prison's pay kitchen and officials of several cities wrote him for advice on runaway boys held in his jail. The prisoners liked him immensely, though patriotic

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speakers, in the warden's absence, urged them to cold-shoulder him, and he has kept in touch with many of them and has aided several to successful, though honest, careers. Still, it was jail, it was confinement and limited activity and it was the city, all things of loathing for him. He was secretly delighted, therefore, when the sheriff, objecting to his organizing proclivities, sent him for punishment to the prison farm at Caldwell. There he worked outdoors — outdoors he would always be, by choice — and there he finished his term, undaunted but not unmarked. In the files of the Clerk of the United States Court for the Southern District of New York there is, or should be, this letter signed by him:

"I was sentenced to this jail on October 30 last by Judge Julius Mayer for a terms of eleven months and ten days. I find that the commitment on file here reads 'ten months and eleven days,' evidently a clerical error. I call this to your attention so that a correct commitment may be sent in its place." It should be said for him that he saw the humor of it.

After jail days he took himself off for what he considered a vacation. He toured the Middle West as an itinerant laborer in steel and coal in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, in lead smelters and brick yards in Missouri, and with a construction gang in Ohio. With the Newark warden as reference, he joined the Cooks' and Waiters' Union in Chicago — he has since served as second cook in a well known New York restaurant; he started a strike and walked out with the other help — and went through its elaborate initiation ceremonies, full of grips and passwords, and loafed in its clubhouse, where the waiters' waiters were non-union. He cleaned ovens in a Homestead, Pennsylvania, armor plate works, going in as a strike-breaker to spy out the land for the strikers. He was suspected or betrayed, and discharged, but not before he had compiled the data he sought. He wrote his report, in the form of an appeal for strike relief funds, left it in his hotel room and left to spend half an hour at strike headquarters. When he returned the manuscript was gone. He waited for arrest or worse through a night in which a dozen other strikers were beaten up by the mounted police, but for some mysterious reason he was untouched. He joined the coal miners whom West Virginia had placed under martial law; they told him all the civil liberty they wanted was the right to buy machine guns, like the operators. In St. Louis a friend's house was raided after he stopped there, and in Cincinnati an information was laid against him for criminal syndicalism.

Since that holiday in the field he has applied himself chiefly to the Civil Liberties Union. Though only three thousand people belong to it, he commands the services of as many volunteer investigators, representatives and attorneys, and thus it is a sort of skeleton army kept ready to do the staff work and the directing when the alarm is sounded for a campaign of national consequence, and one that maintains a continuous skirmishing on all fronts. True to its motto, the Union has sought tolerance for its natural enemies, as when it upheld the Ku Klux Klan's right of public assembly; sometimes it has been intentionally humorous in its consistency, as when it offered legal aid to General Butler following his remarks on Mussolini. It fights a running rear-guard action that would dishearten any

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one less earnest, less objective than Baldwin, and even he must cast aside his emotions and replace them, like a surgeon, with a professional interest in technique, or he could not endure.

Along with the work of the Union he has found time to take part in other affairs. For Bill Haywood and other Wobbly friends he helped organize the Kuzbas, a colony of Russians in America. A disgruntled colonist, returning, had him arrested for second degree larceny in handling colony funds and he still resents the fact that the indictment was dropped and he untried. He came close to jail again, a few years ago, during a strike in Paterson, when the police refused to allow a meeting in a public hall and he read the State Constitution or some such public document aloud on the street. The police were not anxious to keep him, but he insisted on making a test, and after he had been duly arrested and bailed, an Eighteenth Century law was dug up to provide a charge against him. The case dragged for years, until he won in the State Supreme Court. Meanwhile he was sent to Europe by the Society of Friends to see what was happening to political prisoners. His coming caused no little stir. He was not permitted to land in England until he pledged himself to make no speeches; when the press interviewed him on his departure two weeks later he delighted them by issuing this statement: "I ask you to notice that the Empire still stands." In Italy Fascist officials showed him politely through their prisons, the Russians courteously exhibited men in durance for the same beliefs as his, and when he left France an agent of the Quai d'Orsay confided that, disguised as a Negro delegate from Senegal, he had chummed with Baldwin a few weeks before at the Brussels meeting of the League Against Imperialism. When he got home he wrote a book *Liberty Under the Soviets* in which he said that there was no liberty under the Soviets. Charles Garland made him chief custodian of his million dollar fund, and under his anti-capitalist stewardship it grew to two millions before it had been spent on the New York *Call*, Brookwood Labor College, the Vanguard Press, Latin American relations, anti-imperialism and, as he has described it, "almost every good cause in the radical movement that was going downhill, most of them since having reached the bottom."

He spends a good deal of his time in travel, now, dashing about to address meetings, argue with Government officials, organize campaigns, and debate with Hamilton Fish, to whom he points out that Mr. Fish could not deport Reds to Russia because the United States is not on deporting terms with the U.S.S.R. He was Gandhi's guest in France; the Mahatma wanted him to head anti-British propagandists in the United States. He married, in 1919, Madeleine Z. Doty, a member of the New York bar prominent for her writing and her efforts for prison reform and the feminist movement and who for some years has lived in the Geneva headquarters of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom as secretary and editor of the League's news organ. As Baldwin once remarked, they are together only enough to maintain their franchise. What other time he can spare he spends at a camp he built eight years ago on the upper Hackensack not thirty minutes from Times Square, a place of blue heron, woodcock, muskrat, beaver, bass and deer. He does not hunt or fish, of

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course, but he swims and cooks and canoes and peers at birds through field glasses and teaches woodcraft to the neighboring youth. The good people of the nearby village have not quite accepted him, but they consider him harmless and they put up only a half-hearted protest when the high school graduating class asked him to address them. They can not feel sure that he is the venemous Red they read about; they believe he is not the same Baldwin. He is happiest at his camp, but a water company now controls the stream and the new bridge across the Hudson will populate the region. He will have to move on, and, forehanded, he has found another place so remote that supplies will have to be trucked in.

Besides the two boys whom he adopted in St. Louis, fifteen or twenty have more or less adopted him. Some have turned out surprisingly well; one is a millionaire. He sees to their education and gets them jobs, but there is nothing Y.M.C.A. or paternalistic about him; he does not seek to dominate them or bend them to his views. When he was in jail one of the original two was in the front line trenches and the other, a conscientious objector, was leading a prisoners' strike at Leavenworth. When the soldier died, two years ago, the conscientious objector stoked his way from the Philippines to England and thence to New York, and another protégé beat his way by blind baggage from California to join Baldwin; they knew he would need consoling.

Despite his anti-capitalist beliefs he accepts a comfortable enough income from investments, but he has never spent more than $2,100 in a year. How he arrives at that limit is not revealed, but long ago he decided that he ought to spend no more, to remain consistent with his beliefs and to keep himself somewhere near the level of those for whom he ultimately works. In addition to which, he thoroughly enjoys living simply and cheaply; his thrift is notorious. With a professor of philosophy and a writer and a civic worker he lives in an old-fashioned flat in West Twelfth Street, running the household and getting the breakfasts, which he is pleased to serve in bed on occasions of hangovers and other late risings. He cooks, as has been said, like a *cordon bleu*, but he likes sweet wines. He plays the piano exceedingly well, but his taste in music is none too discriminating, and anything in grand opera strikes him as splendid. His library is sociology and poetry; he never reads fiction, except for the works of Saki. He is famous for his wit, paints well, writes charmlessly. He speaks effectively, especially if his audiences are intelligentsia, but he never stoops to oratory and has no tricks to clutch at his hearers' emotions.

Those who meet him are impressed with the intensity of his manner, with the drive of an energy that goes deeper than the nervous system and that dominates him. He is thin and taut and dark after the New England fashion so inexplicably like the Latin. He is forever on the go, never contemplating, seldom meditating, never doing anything quite for its own sake but always objectively, as part of a programme. That, no doubt, is a New England heritage — the feeling that every action must have a reasoned end to justify it. The energy is still there, at forty-six, and the intensity, but lately there has been a touch of grimness in it, or of bitterness. It is as though he dared not let himself stop to think lest hope waver, lest he see futility. He has been facing fundamentals,

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and he knows that few others will face them. Many will rise for a concrete cause, for Sacco and Vanzetti or Gastonia or Mooney and Billings, but few will stand by for them all. Those who cheered Scopes may also cheer Hamilton Fish; those who oppose theatre censorship may also oppose Mary Ware Dennett. Only a handful will hold fast to an abstraction, to liberty as a principle — he faces that fundamental too, and he sees no other world to conquer. When communism and socialism are the only live radical movements, to him the world has raced backwards.

It may be, too, that internal conflicts wear him. He has lived, perhaps, too much with and for too many people, and from a Puritan sense of duty; in his heart he walks with Thoreau at Walden Pond. He is evangelist by birth and pagan by conviction, and there can be little peace for him. He has accomplished incalculable things for incalculable numbers, and he takes joy only in the fight.

Some years ago the editors of *Who's Who* asked him for the usual biographical sketch. He complied. A week after he had sent the data he wrote them that he had omitted information as to his War record and that it consisted in being jailed for pacifism. Roger N. Baldwin is not in *Who's Who*. Mr. Harry F. Sinclair is, and the Honorable Albert B. Fall.

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The Conjugal Ph.D.'s

By Emily White Stevens

Seeking the higher knowledge on $83.33 a month—and married

How many young couples are there in this richest country in the world who live on less than a thousand a year? To find out we would have to appeal to our authorities on standards of living. They would probably tell us that all those who do are to be found in the great unskilled and semi-skilled laboring classes. They would further declare such an income below the standard of health and decency. Yet there is at least one special class of young married people that belies both of these statements. It is made up of graduate students in our universities, for many of these couples live on less than a thousand a year. Moreover, they maintain a "decent" standard of living because they have to.

That unique institution, the American Graduate School, annually grinds out about 44,000 students working for either a master's or a doctor's degree. The processes of its grinding and the variety and quality of the goods produced have been ably described and maligned by many who are in positions to know and by many who are not. We are concerned here, however, not with what does or does not go into the heads of graduate students, but with what goes into their stomachs and upon their backs, with where they live and how on about $83.33 a month.

The stereotype of a graduate woman has been an awkward creature in thick shoes, drab clothes and horn-rimmed spectacles, a female compensating for suppressed desires by studying Homer's influence on Plautus's use of the verb "to be," a stereotype as opposed as possible to that of the undergraduate co-ed. However, since a graduate degree has come more and more to be demanded by the teaching profession and women have continued in greater numbers to invade the sacred walls of our universities, the graduate woman has become humanized. As likely as not you will now find her a happy young wife, for there has developed in the last decade or more a unique type of marriage between university students studying for higher degrees.

The majority of students in graduate schools are not supported, as are the majority of undergraduates, by their fond parents. Parents who could afford continued support often think a higher degree an unnecessary luxury, at least something for which one should work and save. I suppose most of those who have ambitions for more suffixes than A.B. do work and save, especially in those parts of the country where fellowships are scarce. But whether one gets a higher degree on family allowance or personal savings, on a loan or a fellow-

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ship, marriage must be postponed or married life maintained for several years on a very slim income.

As marriage in our complex culture is pushed farther and farther along the life span, those who marry while still in school, thereby adding financial risk to all the personal and social risks of marriage, form a group of interesting exceptions to the growing rule of late marriage. As the number of these couples yearly increases, their problem assumes significant proportions. The type of temporary home they establish will, perhaps, seem novel to those who follow more conventional standards.

Need we give this type of marriage a name? I think not. There is perhaps more companionship in it than in most marriages, but there is no more trial and error about it. It is entered into with as much expectance of permanency as the usual marriage can boast. The period of engagement may come during the later undergraduate days, but the wedding is usually postponed until the A.B. is achieved. The young couple may teach a year or two, or they may enter immediately into graduate school. Sometimes both are in graduate school when the romance buds.

The cardinal fact that distinguishes this from other types of married life is that one or both of the partners is in graduate school and so the family budget is based upon a fellowship or upon tuition scholarships combined with meagre savings from past jobs, savings calculated barely to last through the school year. Rarely are there two fellowships, for married women stand little chance of getting them in universities still predominantly masculine. In most cases two people are trying to live on a fellowship meant for one.

I have discovered what this means and so have many of my friends. Therefore, I think I am in a position to describe how it is done. In order not to generalize from my case alone, I have talked over budgets with other graduate couples.

WE LIVE in a small Southern State college town. (Fortunately, most State universities are placed in small towns where living expenses are low.) We realize that we are not in a class by ourselves when we find that paying bills is our greatest life problem. I suppose that the majority of young couples in the unskilled laboring classes who live on as little do it with less effort. Our problem, you see, is to maintain the standard of living in which we were reared and thus avoid disgracing the university community on $83.33 a month. I have taken this figure as the hypothetical average since graduate fellowships range from about $500 to $1,500, with the majority averaging around $750 for the nine months of the school year, or $83.33 a month.

There is so much one *could* disgrace in a university town. We *could* chuck the standards to which we were reared and perhaps get a tremendous lot of fun out of it. For instance, we could live in tents in the woods around here (or in tenant cabins) and cook on open fires. We could consider the whole nine months one glorious camping spree and probably be the better for it physically and spiritually. We could go to class and do our shopping on bicycles instead of trying to maintain Fords. We could take all our showers in the gym. We could wear $1.98 corduroy pants, dark shirts and bandanas on our heads, at least achieving picturesqueness thereby, whereas actually we wear our old clothes

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from the year before last and succeed only in looking shabby.

We could, but dare we? What would people think? We'd never get recommended for a job or another fellowship. If we were undergraduates we might get away with a little of this, but as soon as one becomes a graduate student one feels at once and cruelly the weight of the world of social bluff. We have to wear a clean white shirt every day and at least try to maintain a crease down our trousers. We can't wear cotton dresses in winter even though cotton is the basis of our regional wealth and is eminently suited to our climate.

We must set conventional meals with a variety of dishes instead of eating bananas one meal and carrots the next (as good a way of balancing the diet as any). It is much more difficult to plan and buy meals for two than for ten. If the little dabs of this and that left over have to be thrown away because the busy cook, who is also candidate for an M.A., hasn't time to study the ingenious ways of using them offered by our women's magazines—well, that is just part of the waste involved in the system. Even then, doing one's own meals is only half as expensive as taking them out. When we consider the average budget of these couples we shall find that eating at a cafeteria or boarding house is an impossible luxury for many of them, even though the time saved would be a precious asset toward getting the degree.

First, let us see how far the average budget would go when parceled out to the various expense items at terms that are customary in our town. Food is more expensive here than in many small towns, so we must allow at least twenty dollars a month for that. The usual rent for a tiny furnished apartment or cottage is thirty dollars. About three dollars must go for electricity and water and five for fuel. Three dollars a month for laundry may seem too little but we must hold things down. Now these regular, basic expenses come to sixty-one dollars a month, and leave $22.33 a month for more seasonal things. This means $200.92 for the school year. And what has to come out of this small margin?

Sixty dollars for fees (we are assuming free tuition, but only in rare cases are fees also waived), seventy-five dollars for clothes for two, thirty dollars for books, paper, ink, etc., (textbooks are notoriously expensive) must come out of this sum. Ten dollars for cleaning and ten for amusements allow barely over a dollar a month for each of these items, a figure which may seem ridiculously low but is probably not far from reality. If we now add fifteen dollars for miscellaneous necessities like soap, tooth paste, and other toilet articles, we have taken up the $200 of margin and have precisely ninety-two cents left.

But this is impossible, you say. One can not end the year with just ninety-two cents when there is moving to be done and possibly railroad fare. Besides, where does one go in June? Well, one usually knows where one is going by March or April of the spring term, that is, except during depressions. In times like this when State universities are cutting staffs and salaries and wondering if they will be able to stay open at all, the agony of uncertainty about next year's job often lasts on into the summer. But for the purposes of this paper we must let the summer and its odd jobs and living on relatives take care of

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itself. We are having a hard enough time pulling these students through the spring.

But you are quite right about the above division of our budget being impossible as a working plan. One never manages to keep every expense down to the exact amount allowed, nor is peace of mind possible with a ninety-two cent margin. There are always dozens of unforeseen expenses popping up, so that in budgets that really work the miscellaneous column assumes important proportions.

It will be noticed, too, that nothing has been allowed for the renewal of capital equipment except in the matters of clothes and books. Sheets and towels, pots and pans and all other household equipment together with permanent waves and gold fillings gradually wear out and can seldom be adequately replaced. Typewriters, fountain pens, wrist watches and leather notebooks are important production goods for students and represent past gifts or purchases. If these are now broken or lost one must just get along without them.

There is a great deal that one can do without if one must. The mental adjustment to going without is the important thing, the peaceful acceptance of it and the ingenious habit of mind that quickly makes substitutes. Now the most vital thing of all for one's peace of mind is the maintenance of a margin, however small. The feeling of hanging over the financial brink is too demoralizing to permit any sort of concentrated mental work. A five-dollar gold piece tenaciously clung to makes all the difference between that feeling and one of relative security, especially to those unfortunate, sensitive people for whom borrowing is painful. Besides, for people whose future is so uncertain, borrowing is a most inadequate adjustment. Indeed, for many of these very couples we are considering, the payment of interest charges on the school debts incurred in former years makes a big hole in the budget.

THUS, it is quite obvious that the above division of expenses just won't do; it allows no renewal of capital equipment, no payment of debts or even the interest on debts and no margin for those numerous items one always forgets to put in budgets. Therefore, one of two things must be done: some extra source of income must be found, or failing that, rent, food or other basic expenses must be cut.

Perhaps the most common source of extra income for graduate students is in typing other students' papers and theses. One friend of mine who is an excellent typist supplemented his family income to the extent of $270 last year. He has built up a reputation for accuracy and so has all the work he can do while others are hopelessly advertising for it.

If the wife is not in school, possibly the best adjustment of all is for her to have a job, but jobs are very hard to get in the little college town. The various university departments employ altogether dozens of secretarial workers but there are even more applicants. Several of my friends have been able, however, to teach in the public schools, one in a country school and the other in a nearby city. The first situation necessitates living in the country without benefit of plumbing, while in the second the husband must commute from the city to the college town.

One very capable friend created her own job by taking in students to room and board. She and another young wife

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have engaged a large house for next year and while their husbands work on their Ph.D.'s, they are planning to run an establishment for seven more students. This adjustment calls for executive ability and imagination, and entails a degree of risk. It also requires capital.

THE alternative to extra income is lowered expenses; this becomes practically the only adjustment when both husband and wife are taking full graduate schedules. I know of one case in which rent was cut to half the usual amount by taking a cottage that lets for fifteen dollars because it is rather inaccessible and is of flimsy construction. Also it had formerly been inhabited by a Negress, an extremely neat and clean person but none the less a Negress.

In graduate work one can often avoid buying textbooks. This is inconvenient, of course, but if one watches his chances he can use a library copy or "bum off" his classmates. This is more feasible in graduate work where a variety of parallel readings is used than in undergraduate classes where one text is memorized. Using library copies lays one that much more open to fines for keeping them overdue, and library fines can mount very quickly to terrible totals.

In these days of low food prices very cheap meals can be achieved. An inexpensive combination and one moreover that is very dear to the Southern heart is made up of turnip greens, sweet potatoes and buttermilk. With turnip greens at a nickel a pound, buttermilk a nickel a quart, and sweet potatoes ranging from two to five cents a pound throughout the winter, one could live a long time on this combination almost perfectly balanced from the dietetic standpoint.

Both gas and electricity are quite high in our community, so most students use kerosene stoves. A better substitute, however, and one that I have found cheaper to run, is a clever but temperamental little gasoline camp stove got from a mail order house. At first we were discouraged by having to use twenty matches to light it, but we soon caught on to its eccentricities and can now achieve a fast blue flame with one.

In a shopping centre as limited as ours, mail-order houses largely explain how we can make only seventy-five dollars a year do for clothes for two. When socks and stockings and shirts and shoes just have to be bought, the good old catalogue is dragged out, or better still, one waits for the next sale sheet. Here, too, is the place *par excellence* for pajamas and ping-pong sets, for tennis balls and typewriting paper.

In the matter of entertainment a university population is fortunate in being provided with a variety of free or inexpensive forms of recreation. Season tickets for sports, plays and concerts are usually included in the term fees. There is at least one free lecture or concert on campus every night, so that one doesn't have to spend much on movie tickets. Graduate students spend much less on dances than undergraduates. Their dancing is more likely to be informal and so are their suppers. (Of course, one is periodically called upon to fork over for the usual banquet plate of cold peas and chicken.) One often has friends in to meals and of course one serves them herself, for servants are out of the question even in a land of ridiculously cheap domestic service. And this brings up an interesting situation.

When class schedules are equally demanding on husband and wife, the ancient and traditional division of labor

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between the sexes tends to break. In one case I know, the husband does all the dish-washing, mopping, sweeping, and taking out of trash, while the wife plans the meals, shops for them, cooks and serves them, gets up the laundry, puts it away, straightens and dusts.

However, the authority of the ancient rule is never completely effaced. Neat and just divisions of labor like this rarely work well and the reason is plain. There is certainly nothing instinctive about the average woman's aptitude for housework and the average man's distaste for it, but there is a tremendous weight of cultural conditioning to be considered. Routine details of work—in statistics or housekeeping—are bearable only when paid for or when they take their place in a larger scheme which is one's own creation. The woman in the partnership automatically takes the lead in creating a plan for the home, however simple. She plans the meals and the position of the furniture. She has the fun of shopping for small gadgets and dreaming of bigger and better gadgets to come—all because the experiences girls have from their first conscious moments guide their interests in these directions. For the very opposite reason, the details of housework are for the usual man meaningless drudgery, something to be got through with as quickly as possible, no matter how slap-dash the method. Sooner or later, in spite of the idealism of the initial plan, the wife prefers to take over the whole business.

When the weight of tradition is remembered, it is surprising that idealistic plans should have been made in the first place. I would hesitate to say that graduate students are more emancipated than other people from illogical conventions that fail to meet present needs. In any kind of marriage it is usually the pressure of necessity that makes husbands wash dishes. In the kind we are describing, the necessity is great because two degrees mean two jobs and two jobs make more money than one.

Let it be admitted here, however, that the chances of capitalizing on both degrees are very limited; teaching or research opportunities for both husband and wife in the same place are rare. These young people who are pioneering in personal and economic relations are, like all pioneers, building on hope. It is also doubtless true that there is a great deal of personal pride and sex-defense involved in the young wife's determination to struggle through, for in responsibility, and often in actual work, she is holding down two jobs instead of one.

Is there no solution for her problem, one that would more efficiently adjust these jobs to each other? In theory, at least, there is a solution, one that has been proposed for all working wives and actually tried out in some places: coöperative housekeeping. It cuts both basic expenses and working hours.

Surely the small family is the most inefficient economic unit in the world as far as consumption is concerned. (For production purposes it provides a privacy that is probably valuable for some sorts of work, especially when much of that work is done at home, as is the case with graduate work.) I have already mentioned food wastes. Others constantly occur to me as I spend a part of every day shopping and cooking and cleaning for two, spending almost the same amount of planning, time and money that four would require.

Why couldn't a group of graduate students form a coöperative household and cut expenses by sharing them?

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Rent, fuel and other overhead expenses could be drastically reduced, and in a large house every couple could have their own sleeping and working rooms while the group would share general living rooms. Perhaps the most important saving would be in time. Those wives who have had to give up their intellectual interests could now continue them. Those now in school would find their energies increased by a carefully planned division of household labor that would free each from all but a fraction of the work.

It's a grand idea, but would it work? Perhaps it might if the group were carefully picked for congeniality. The household schedule would be complex, but the adjustment of personal relations would be more so. Coöperation is not a value exalted by our culture. Given complete faith in the idea, it would work, but as usual it is faith that is lacking. Americans have no contemporary examples of coöperation to guide them.

We write and teach in our universities of the great rewards that would accrue to the American farmer if he would only coöperate. Because he won't, we assign him a "rural personality" characterized by independence and an individualism that amounts to patriarchal autocracy. We explain it by his spacial and social isolation. And all the while we are living in our university communities, unhampered by spacial isolation, as independently and autocratically as our incomes will allow.

To be sure we only suggest that farmers buy and sell together; we are not proposing that their families live together as they are learning to do in Russia. Perhaps American farmers will never learn to buy and sell together until they learn to live more together. At any rate, living together requires the minutest and most delicate adjustments in personal relations, as every married couple soon discovers. Personal tastes all round must be compromised. The apparently simple matter of eating together is really quite complex, involving diverging food tastes and needs as well as meal times which must be adjusted to each person's daily time-table.

In America we have shunned the difficulties involved in the old, old problem of the relations between the individual and the group. We have done it by spreading out. Our great economic resources and our sparse population delayed our facing this problem. Even in our cities there has been more room space per person than in other countries. Thus there has grown up our cult of "rugged individualism" as the rationalization of a fact that had already helped to determine our set of values. Of course, adequate room space is necessary to both mental and physical health, but we have carried our individualism over into every corner of our economic and social life. Coöperative stores and coöperative societies of all kinds have tended to fail.

Now that our present debacle cries out for economic planning as the only remedy, we can only talk, write and cry the louder for it; we can not achieve it because economic planning presupposes the habit of coöperation (at least in a democratic society) and coöperation presupposes a degree of working and eating and playing together that we have never known. Our ancestors in their European villages knew it and our forefathers touched it in the mutual help of frontier life, but in our competitive scramble for higher material

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standards of living we have lost a higher spiritual standard—lost that which, curiously enough, our present crisis proves to be the only thing that can again raise our material standards of living.

All the low income groups in the country could by coöperative housekeeping raise their standards of living and maintain at the same time the room space necessary to individual family life. (The savings achieved by apartment housing have, of course, accrued to their owners, since apartments are not run for love of a social ideal.) Economists have pointed out the tremendous wastes of our thousands of small electric refrigerators and washing machines. We reply that the values of family life can not be maintained without them.

The truth is that those of us who can afford to have electric refrigerators and washing machines find it comfortable enough to have them in spite of the individual and social wastes. This small group sets the fashion, in our magazines and home economic departments, of having individual appliances; the industrial system that makes and sells individual appliances advertises them as the ideal American standard; while all the great masses of us who can't afford them get along with our old ice-boxes and wash-tubs and our dreams of some day having everything electrical.

And all the time we could be having everything electrical if groups of us would pool resources. But we have taken our cue of the individual unit as set by the cultural standard. Perhaps at times we glimpse the inefficiency, but who are we to go against custom? We have not the social technique for putting over such a thing as coöperative housekeeping. It is a little too communistic. Even graduate students fear the word.

So an adequate solution for the problems of the working married woman, a solution not made at the expense of mental and physical health, must wait upon general social change. In the meantime it is only the woman of large income, of exceptional energy, or the one who agrees to sacrifice not only bridge but a well-ordered house, who can carry both homemaking and an outside career. And still we wonder why we have had so few women poets, artists, composers, inventors and scientists.

We are what our culture makes us. A university education doesn't change this fact; it simply shows us, or should, what that culture is. If graduate students do not rebel against those parts of it which they recognize as stupid, perhaps it is because they are dreaming of that golden age when they will be heads of departments, when they too can afford electric refrigerators, eight-cylinder cars, and English-timbered houses.

In the meantime we should, as Americans, admire them for their willingness to sacrifice comfort of body, peace of mind and perhaps real education to what they believe is the first step in making their dreams come true—the Ph.D.

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The Captain at the Inn

By W. A. Breyfogle

A Story

Significantly for the size of the community, that house of entertainment for strangers was simply the Inn. The monosyllable, not always capitalized even, was its whole and sufficient designation. There was no other inn in Hightown. Indeed, apart from the church and the school, the green common with its arching elms and the single street of houses, uniformly white, Hightown was almost indistinguishable from the surrounding countryside. It lay, tiny and immaculate, on the spur of a plateau flung out like a leveled forefinger at the mountains themselves, not very far away in clear weather. It was natural to think that Captain Adrian Hale, at forty, would find the time hanging heavy upon his hands there.

Especially since he had been resident at the Inn for a month already, and had put up with all the vagaries of March weather, with little to do in the long evenings but read one of the books he had brought with him and sip his hot punch and stare into the fire. It must have been a great change from the life which had been his custom. Even that filial piety which had prompted him to come back and take over his mother's old home for his own seemed an insufficient explanation for his contentment.

There is no doubt that Hightown was a change, and a radical one, from the high seas. That, in Adrian Hale's eyes, constituted its essential charm. It seemed to him that he could never get enough of the quiet days here. It would take years even to get the reel of the quarter-deck out of his legs, and many more to help him forget mutinies and burials at sea, doldrums and the drinking-water gone foul, worms in the biscuit and maggots in the meat, drunkenness and scurvy and the necessity for a never-relaxed vigilance, boarding-house crimps in every port and, as bad as anything else after all that for months on end, the affable urbanity of the owners when he brought his vessel home. As for the sea, to his present way of thinking, the loneliness, the harshness and necessary cruelty, the inevitable squalor of the forecastle outweighed any glamor of foreign lands or exhilaration of danger. He knew too much about it to be hurried into an enthusiasm that had no foundation in fact. No, it was easier for him now to understand his mother and her return, once her husband was dead, to the excellent peace of this place. Matthew Hale was from Nantucket; he had been a sea-captain, like his son.

It was only now that Adrian under-

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stood how much Amelia, his mother, must have loved her husband, from the time of their first meeting in Boston, to have left all this behind her and have lived until she was well past middle age in the harbor towns, remote from the hills. He supposed it was his mother's blood in him that made the mountains, even at his first sight of them, a month ago, seem familiar and friendly, a refuge. Already he felt at home.

There was perhaps another reason for this feeling. The change was more superficial than it might have seemed at the first place. The exact discipline of life in Hightown, the rigors of weather taken for granted, the uncomplaining, arduous toil, these had their clear parallels at sea. Not a house in the village but was as neat, as sparing of superfluous adornment as the deck of a ship. The beauty of both was of the same sort, incidental to the answering of a purpose, a vital response to a legitimate need. Nothing in either one, the Captain was happy to reflect, had a trace of frippery or the la-di-da ways of Boston, a city of which he entertained the lowest possible opinion. He fully expected to be happy in Hightown.

After his own quiet fashion, that was, and he had the better expectation of it in that his natural reserve was calculated to win the confidence of his new neighbors. The cautious democracy of the village would understand him, as it would approve of the dignity conferred by the habit of command. A native taciturnity had preserved him from picking up the profane jargon of the sea. The language which he sparingly used was unexceptionable. He might almost have been preparing himself, all his life, for this retirement of his.

March went out in the night with the first of the strong spring rains, and Captain Hale, wakeful but content, could hear the heavy drops drumming on the roof only a few feet above his head. Now and then a gust of wind sent a few drops down the chimney to hiss and die upon the still-glowing embers in the fire-place. If the rain kept up at this rate there would be little snow left next morning. He drew the bed-clothes higher about his shoulders, turned on his side and slept.

In the morning the rain had ceased and the sun was shining. Coming down to breakfast, freshly shaven, he discovered that one of the windows in the dining-room had been opened and that the air entering the room was warm and full of exciting smells. John Thornton, the proprietor of the Inn, was leaning out at that window when the Captain came in. He drew in his head and turned to face his guest. They wished each other good morning.

"Katherine," Thornton called to his daughter—he was a widower—"Captain Hale will take breakfast now."

She came in from the kitchen for a moment. "Good morning, Captain Hale."

"Good morning, Miss Katherine."

A good understanding existed between them already. He had given her several little curios he had brought back from China, and they often sat talking together in the bar-parlor during the long evenings. She was a remarkably pretty girl, the Captain thought. At nineteen, it was strange that she was not yet married. But John Thornton, probably, would be reluctant to lose her, and she might hesitate herself to marry one of the small farmers of the vicinity, a hard life for a woman. When

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one was undecided, the Captain believed, it was always a good plan to await developments. Possibly she was of a like mind.

A large, sleek cat preceded her majestically when she brought in his bacon-and-eggs. By the time she returned with the coffee, the hot muffins, butter and honey, the creature was ensconced in the corner of the window sill at his side, the gravest of spectators. Its eyes, in the bright light of that first morning of April, were mere slits. A deliberate purring issued from it, belying its sphinx-like expression. John Thornton, in a chair opposite to the Captain, regarded it thoughtfully, as if it had held the key to a great deal that he might, if he had been a more eloquent man, have put into words. The ineffable contentment of the first warm day of the year seemed incarnated in that cat.

There was a temporary silence while Captain Hale applied himself to his breakfast. He ate it rather hurriedly, for he had decided to walk across and pay a visit to his house that morning, to see how matters were progressing there, and, having once adopted the idea, he was eager to put it into effect. Anyway, it was too nice a morning to stay indoors. He offered the cat a piece of bacon. It ate it daintily and switched its tail. The Captain pushed back his chair a little, poured himself a second cup of coffee and lit a long Manila cheroot. He was seldom without a handful of them in his pocket. Their honest reek was the one tie still binding him to his past life. John Thornton refused the one offered him. He seldom smoked anything but a pipe. Watching the smoke curl up in blue-gray spirals from the end of his cheroot, the Captain reflected that he was making up for the hardships of life at sea with a vengeance. It seemed to him that, as he was living now, one pleasant sensation succeeded another almost without a break. Only a few minutes before he had been in haste to get over to the house; now he was immeasurably reluctant to get up from his chair. He reached out to stroke the cat, prolonging his luxurious contentment. John Thornton cocked an attentive ear to the sound of voices in the kitchen.

"Mr. Jonathan Eccles," he told his guest. "Come in to see Katherine, I'll be bound."

"Who is he?" the Captain enquired lazily.

"Martin Eccles' son. They own all west of Fortune Creek. A power of land. They run to sheep, though, and don't need many hands."

"A friend of Miss Katherine's?"

"They went to school together. Martin Eccles isn't partial to his coming here, but he slips in now and then." John Thornton stopped, as if nothing could have made him say more on the subject, and bent a profound gaze upon the Captain's empty plate. But Adrian Hale was incurious, especially where local gossip was concerned. He tossed his napkin on the table and stood up. "I believe I'll step across and see how Jabez Clarke is getting on at the house," he observed, and, nodding to Thornton, he left the room.

For so short a walk a hat and stick might seem hardly necessary, but he went upstairs to his room to fetch them. As he passed through the hall on his way out he heard Katherine and some one else talking gaily in the back of the house. Mr. Jonathan Eccles was still there. It was curious, the Captain thought, that his father should have any objections to his coming there. What harm could befall him in Thorn-

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ton's Inn? He opened the wide front door and stepped out into the April sunshine. After all, it was none of his business. He dismissed it from his mind. There was his house to think about, instead.

JABEZ CLARKE was still at work upon it. It was a salutary experience, if one were given to impatience, to watch the old fellow. No hurrying him. He went at his tasks in that jog-trot way which, in the long run, accomplishes most. When Adrian Hale came upon the scene, he was sitting on the steps at the front of the house, vigorously polishing six brass candle-sticks. He looked up at his employer without surprise, without enthusiasm, and said, "Good morning."

"Good morning, Jabez. A fine morning."

"Yes." The old fellow's voice had a note of remote complaint in it. "I thought," he explained after a little, "that I'd get some painting done today." His tone hinted that this, like other ambitions he had cherished, had been effectively thwarted, that he had been compelled to the miserable compromise upon which he was now engaged. His crooked fingers slid caressingly over the smooth metal in his hands. "Mrs. Hale," he murmured, "your mother, Captain, had an eye for brass. 'Twas a pity to let these go so long without scouring."

Adrian Hale nodded and went into the house. Jabez had really done a good deal there. The woodwork gleamed softly in the dim light. In the long hall the straight lift of the broad stairs discovered no litter to his eye. A mirror, topped by a carved eagle, on the wall was free from any film of dust. Passing into one of the rooms, he found that the tightly wedged rags had been removed from the throat of the shallow fireplace, and a fire was laid, ready for lighting. A tall clock in one corner ticked throatily, methodically. The window panes had been washed. The Captain had an idea he could move in that morning and be comfortable. Jabez Clarke had come in and joined him. He mentioned his feeling to the old man.

"Don't you think of it," said Jabez, with a surprising vigor. "I've only begun. There's the painting to be done yet, and the whole house to be aired out, and a hundred things to make ready. You couldn't move in as it is now. A woman would never stand for it."

"But no woman is coming here, Jabez."

The old fellow shook his untidy head stubbornly. "I shouldn't be surprised," he replied. "A woman comes to an empty house by nature. 'Tisn't in 'em to stay away. You wait and see. I'll go now," he proceeded, "and trim those roses. They can't wait any longer."

When the Captain came out he was at it, and he did not look up at the footsteps on the porch, so short a distance from his head where he bent above the bushes. Adrian Hale leaned on the railing idly and watched the worn old pocket-knife in Jabez' hand moving with a sure, unsparing purpose among the shoots whose over-luxuriance had disquieted the old fellow. His mother had often told him of those tea-roses, yellow and very sweet-smelling, in the garden of the only house she had ever been willing to call home. He had a mental picture of her, how she would go among them to keep them prim and orderly when she was living here. He had never seen much of his mother after he first went to sea. She was almost

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a stranger to his thoughts. But this was her house, these had been her roses; it seemed a fitting and a pious thing that he should have them both set in order, and should come to live here himself.

Yes, he felt sure his mother would have approved of what he was having done. But, he hoped it was not too unfilial, her approval or disapproval was a secondary consideration. The essential was that he, Adrian Hale, should be happy here. He was not quite sure of what he meant by the word, and he tried to explain it to himself. Leisure was certain, and he could count upon books enough, his cheroots and a bowl of punch whenever he wanted them. His surroundings, too, this old house, would be a constant pleasure. There would be no present ugliness in his life. He could forget the forecastle for good and all. Those things, though, had to do with contentment and not necessarily with happiness. For that he would have to look more closely. It might be easy to pass it over. He had a feeling that the mountains off to the north would have something to do with it. That serenity of theirs could hardly come amiss. He might make good friends, too. He was not too old for that. They would come and sit with him in the evenings and he could talk to them, or listen. Jabez Clarke had said something about a woman coming there.

He roused himself and shook off the reverie. His forearms were quite numb with supporting his chin while he had been leaning on his elbows there. Jabez Clarke took no notice when the Captain came slowly down the wide, low steps and started along the brick walk toward the front gate. He had pruned more than half of the roses and the lopped shoots lay in a scanty, irregular swathe along the edge of the bed. In a corner by the steps, a pile that was more ice than it was snow still lingered. Elsewhere winter had fully withdrawn. The ground was spongy where the frost had come out of it. It would not be long until the lilacs were in bloom.

It was a surprise to have Katherine meet him in the hall of the Inn, upon his return, with word that a visitor was waiting for him in the drawing-room. Adrian Hale thought he discovered a well dissembled amusement beneath her demure manner. He knew next to nobody in Hightown. With considerable curiosity, then, he went into the drawing-room, having left his hat and stick in the hall. This business would occupy his time until lunch, at least.

A small man in sober black got briskly up when he entered the room and advanced to meet him, his hand extended. "Captain Adrian Hale? I am Joshua Smith. I knew your mother, sir, knew her well." He shook hands vigorously. The Captain asked him to sit down.

"I trust you will not take my intrusion ill, sir," the little man was saying. "I am a laborer in the Lord's vineyard in these parts" — "A preacher!" was the Captain's dismayed thought — "and I conceived it as my pastoral duty" — his functions seemed to be getting a little mixed — "to wait upon you. You are a stranger in our midst, sir, and I come to bid you welcome."

Adrian Hale thanked him, rather drily. After all, he had been there a month without this welcome. But the little man was oblivious of any coolness. He coughed importantly. "I had, in any case, a call to make in this house this morning, Captain Hale.

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Our duty makes great demands upon us. A painful necessity, but not to be neglected."

The Captain inclined his head. He was constitutionally impatient of pomposity. The clergyman suddenly skipped from his chair into one nearer Captain Hale's own. "You would be mortified," he declared, "to know what vanities of the flesh exist in this very house."

The listener began to perceive whither these remarks were tending. He remembered the glint of mutinous mischief in Katherine's eyes, and a tremendous indignation welled up in him against the Reverend Joshua Smith. He got up from his chair. "Mr. Smith," he replied, "I can not, with the best will in the world, believe ill of my hosts here. Pray, let us talk of other things. I have long been accustomed, sir, to take a noggin of rum at this hour of the day. I find it assists the natural functions. Will you not join me?"

When the minister had taken his offended leave, the Captain retired to the bar-parlor. He was somewhat ashamed of his impoliteness, and more than a little amused at what had occurred. But, overshadowing his other emotions, was a profound, nameless irritation against this ordained busybody. The encounter had depressed him. Katherine, coming in to take his order, found him staring moodily into the fire. He managed to smile at her. "I've just insulted the Reverend Joshua Smith," he said.

"It was high time some one should," she told him, answering his smile. "I'm glad it was you. Captain Hale," she added, "may I make known to you Mr. Eccles?"

Adrian Hale had not noticed the young man in the corner who came forward now. He shook hands and motioned to the chair across the little table from his own. A curiosity possessed him about this admirer of Miss Katherine's who transgressed his father's wishes in coming to the Inn. "I have had one gentleman refuse to drink with me this morning, Mr. Eccles." He smiled. "If you refuse me, I shall think myself a very pariah."

There was something vastly attractive about these young people, the Captain thought, something wholly in keeping with that time of the year. He allowed himself the indulgence of his own age to do a little mental matchmaking, in the teeth of the Reverend Joshua Smith and Mr. Martin Eccles. Life in Hightown for these two, he realized, must be something quite at variance with the future he had envisioned for himself. Their incredible youthfulness impressed itself upon him. It was novel for him to find himself regarded as a man of adventures, a romantic figure from a larger, gustier world, novel and decidedly pleasant. He unbent to them, striving to qualify as an interesting companion. In the end, they were all very merry together. The Captain, when he went in to lunch, had quite forgotten the Reverend Joshua Smith.

Yet as he thought of it later, there was a touch of bitterness mixed with his pleasure. Such things were no longer for him. The part of his life that should have gone to some girl near his own age was in the miserly keeping of the sea. There could be no question of a return. After dinner that evening he sat in the bar-parlor again, and let the grog stand cooling at his elbow while he strove to deal with these half-wistful, half-reproachful thoughts. No one else came in. He had the cozy room to

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himself, and he was suddenly assailed with a consuming loneliness. He didn't know exactly what it was he wanted but at that moment it was not Hightown. He had an idea that if he could smell the air of London again or see the Bund at Shanghai, the bustle and color and careless, prodigal life he had left behind him, his malady might depart. That, he was prompt to realize, was coward's counsel. His decision had been calmly made; no constraint had been put upon him. He mustn't run away from his chosen future, like any home-sick boy, at the first difficulty. One could become accustomed to a great deal, given a little time.

JOHN THORNTON had come into the room. He came and sat down, the smoke from his pipe very serene and blue about his thin face. He had a glass in his hand. A faint steam arose from it and there was a slice of lemon floating on top of the clear liquor it contained. The evening had turned cold; Medford rum was not out of place. The Captain was glad of any release from the company of his own rather gloomy thoughts.

It was clear that the inn-keeper was puzzled about something and Adrian Hale was interested in the discovery that instead of increasing his natural reserve, as might have been expected, it semed to make him more talkative. He led up to his subject with characteristic caution.

"New England, Captain Hale, has little future, I'm afraid."

"You mean, agriculturally?" the Captain asked. He was intrigued to find John Thornton busy with vast impalpables.

Thornton nodded. "I was talking to Martin Eccles this afternoon," he explained. "He's gloomy about the next fifty years. Thinks the land beyond the Mississippi will develop at the expense of us here."

The Captain, having no comment to make, took a drink and waited for Thornton to continue.

"It's a strange thing, when you stop to think of it," the latter was musing aloud. "There's Eccles, rich enough to buy me out ten times over, if I'd sell. Yet he worries about the future." He looked across at the Captain as if for elucidation of this paradox. "He says Mr. Jonathan is to go to Harvard, to be a lawyer."

They were getting down to it at last, and Hale's interest grew more definite.

"And let the property pass into other hands, I suppose?"

"It looks that way. He thinks there's no future in it for a young man."

"Who, Mr. Jonathan?"

"No, his father. Mr. Jonathan doesn't agree. He wants to stay on here, not go to Harvard at all. You see," Thornton's voice was deprecatory, "there's Katherine."

"Of course," the Captain brought out. The calmness of the words cost him something. "I'd forgotten about that. She wouldn't like him to go?"

Thornton's amazement at this natural question was clearly genuine. "Katherine?" he asked, as if he thought his guest were joking, "Katherine? She hardly gives him a thought."

The words, even without their tone of utter conviction, would have been sweet in the Captain's hearing. He was angry at his sentimentality, an old fellow like himself, and he transferred a little of this impatience to Thornton.

"Surely," he said, "you told me this morning—"

"I told you they went to school to-

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gether," Thornton grunted. "It's all on his side, though. Katherine doesn't care about him. I only wish Martin Eccles could be brought to believe that. It would spare me a power of ill-feeling. He thinks I want his money in my family, I suppose."

The victim of that misapprehension seemed to be through talking for the evening. He allowed his features to resume their wonted judicious calm, took a swallow from his glass and lit his pipe, which had gone out while he was speaking. Captain Hale did not break the silence. His thoughts were busy with what Jabez Clarke had foretold that morning. Somehow he felt more kindly toward Jabez than he had before. The feeling of loneliness, too, had left him, and he thought of his house, almost ready for occupancy, with a great deal more satisfaction. He would need to buy a team of driving-horses; he wouldn't always want to walk. It was possible, probable indeed, that the brook running through the back of his property had trout in it. Where could he put the Chinese brocades he had in his trunk? They would look strangely out of place against the severe, panelled woodwork of the downstairs rooms. He let that problem go unsolved for the present, to return to Jabez Clarke's confident prediction. What if the old man had been right? He, a seaman, knew little of such things. Certainly, he thought, it would transform those old rooms to have a woman's presence in them. "Where is Miss Katherine?" he asked Thornton.

"In the kitchen, Captain. She'll be in in a minute or two." Adrian Hale missed the glance his host gave him. Just then Katherine came in. The Captain got up and placed a chair for her. She smiled and thanked him. John Thornton watched these proceedings tolerantly. He had not moved, himself.

It was the devil's own luck, the Captain thought, that just as they were seated for a comfortable evening the outer door should open to admit Jonathan Eccles. He was exasperated, but his mood changed quickly to one of vicarious alarm. It was plain that the boy had been drinking heavily. The preternatural carefulness of his enunciation was noticeable when he asked for a glass of punch. Katherine hesitated, but her father gave her a scarcely perceptible nod and she went to fetch the drink. Jonathan Eccles sat his chair with unnecessary rigidity. It was hardly likely, Adrian Hale thought, that he would remember anything of this in the morning. From the bottom of his heart he was sorry for the boy. In that emotion he almost forgot his own embarrassment. It was the first drunken man he had seen since his retirement from the sea. Somehow he had not expected them in Hightown.

But he had not yet plumbed the depths of possible discomfort. Katherine was bringing the steaming glass, the three at the table had yet to exchange a word, when that accursed door opened again, and there was Martin Eccles in the room. Adrian Hale had never chanced to meet him before, but there was no mistaking the look on Katherine's face. She set the glass down in front of Jonathan without looking at him. Her father was on his feet. The newcomer said, "Good-evening." The Captain was even sorrier for him than he had been, a few minutes ago, for his son. He read tremendous pride in the stern face and spare figure of the father. This must be cutting him to the quick.

"It's not often I trouble you, Mr. Thornton," Eccles said, his voice under

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a rigid control. "I thought I should find my son here."

Jonathan Eccles looked around at that, incredulously, and got slowly to his feet. John Thornton hadn't spoken.

"Suppose you pay your score, Jonathan," his father proceeded. "I have something to say to you at home."

There was a family resemblance in the stubborn jaw and prominent nose. The younger man was holding to the back of his chair with one hand, but he faced Martin Eccles squarely.

"I'll go," he asserted with surprising clarity, "when I'm ready. I'm not a child to be taken home at dark."

His father flushed. "No more such talk," he exclaimed. "I've asked you to come home."

"And I'm not coming."

Martin Eccles swung on the innkeeper. It was somewhat ridiculous, but Adrian Hale was the only person in the room who was seated. "I blame you for this, Thornton," he cried, "you and your daughter. You've brought the boy to a pretty pass between you!"

John Thornton's reply was debatable. Before he could speak, Jonathan Eccles intervened. His face had gone very pale. "Stop it!" he exclaimed. "You have no right to accuse them of enticing me here. I came myself, unasked. I—" His eyes opened widely, he choked a moment. All at once he was violently sick upon the floor.

WHEN they had gone, when the bar-parlor had resumed its customary cheerfulness, Adrian Hale found time to marvel at the innkeeper's imperturbability. Thornton sat smoking as composedly as if he had just bidden farewell to two ordinary patrons of his place, going home after an hour's talk by the fire. He caught the Captain's eyes upon him and permitted himself one of his rare chuckles. "I have a notion," he observed, "that Mr. Jonathan will go to Harvard."

Yes, the Captain agreed with that. There was nothing like an intrusion of the ridiculous to topple down romance. For some reason he felt suddenly old himself. The whole scene had been so natural and yet in such execrable taste. John Thornton looked at him with a speculative expression on his face. "Katherine must make another conquest," he said.

The Captain nodded, absently. He finished his drink, wished Thornton good night and went out into the hall. His thoughts were confused. There was usually a candle here, but it was missing to-night. He felt his way forward, his arms outstretched. Just at the turn where the stairs went up they touched something that moved. He hesitated a moment, and then Katherine was in his arms and her lips were very soft and warm and his troubles were over.

They sat down on the bottom step, like two children.

"So you're sure you won't miss Mr. Eccles?" he asked her.

"Not with you!"

"We must go see the house to-morrow. You may have changes to suggest."

"I've seen it."

"What?"

"Jabez Clarke let me go all over it," she explained.

John Thornton, coming out with that candle in his hand, found them there.

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The "Jewish Problem" Myth

By Joseph Gaer

Answering the contention that Jews are discriminated against to a problematic degree in America

Whenever polite people meet, their conversation, through some peculiar perversity in human nature, sooner or later is certain to reach the topic of sickness and, eventually, death. That is, if those foregathered are non-Jews. When Jews, polite or otherwise, gather in a talk-fest, much sooner than later their conversation founders on the inevitable "Jewish problem." No Gentile, however many of his "best friends are Jews," can have the faintest idea what these high-pitched discussions are like, for, by a code never uttered, this is one topic reserved by the Voice of Jacob for the Ears of Israel.

To one who has so often listened to, and sometimes participated in, these unending discussions, the most remarkable fact about them remains the untiring ferocity with which the topic is attacked; and the most irritating, that all these verbal shadow-fights are entirely about a myth as fictitious as the stork blamed for the failure of what the Bible calls "many strange inventions." And all Jews know it. By this I do not mean to imply that Jews are not faced with some very painful problems—problems which confront all minority groups dispersed among the nations. But *the* problem, so repeatedly argued and quarreled over by Jews in America, is a peculiar piece of fiction. And as mysterious as peculiar. The "problem" is uttered as if it were second only to the Holy Name, the *Shem Ham-forosh*, and it is equally attended by a number of spiritual constellations, such as the "spiritual ghetto" and the "spiritual quota."

In her article on *Living on the Quota* in The North American Review for August, Carolyn Lisberger touches upon some phases of this periaptic problem, although in the very question heading her article she commits a peculiarly Hebraic sin for which her forefathers were severely, but justly, punished. It is a matter of Biblical record that when Moses (who, like Mrs. Lisberger, was a descendant of Abraham-Isaac-and-Jacob) offered his followers the Commandments, they shouted with one voice: "We shall obey and we shall listen." Were they to listen first, they might have rejected the Decalogue along with the rest of Exodus and Leviticus as, according to legend, the Scotch and Irish rejected them. Mrs. Lisberger asks: "How shall I raise my children—as Jewish, or as American? And if the answer is always 'Jewish,'

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what does the word mean, how can I do it?" Were she first to define the meaning of the word "Jewish," she might have found it unnecessary to trouble her less-favored-in-the-eyes-of-the-Lord neighbors with her question.

WHEN Mrs. Lisberger, along with so many of my coreligionists, talks of a "quota system," I often find myself as puzzled as the child with his star:

> Quota, quota, sinister bar—
> How I wonder what you are!

For whatever may be said against them, Jews are human beings. And whatever their problems may be individually and personally, as a group the Jews in every American community are confronted with the same problems of survival and the desire to function significantly as other groups. What, then, are the limitations and restrictions suffered by the Jews in America not imposed upon other groups? In what way does official and controlling Christian power and opinion injure Jewish survival and constrict their cultural life? What is the "quota system" which "has obviously been established" for the exclusive detriment of the Jews?

The first question to consider is the limitation of numbers in actual procreation. There was a time when a foolish and wicked Pharaoh decided to put such a quota on Jewish births. Had he succeeded in enforcing his law of killing all Jewish male infants, the girls would have been forced to lose their racial identity through intermarriage with idol-worshipping Egyptians or drown themselves in the well of loneliness—in either case of which there was real danger to the Jewish race. But in no place in these United States (not even Arkansas) is there a written or unwritten law limiting Jewish births. The growth of the Jewish population in the world does not evidence the effects of such a presumable quota. If the number of Israel is not greater today than it is, the reason will not be found in anti-Semitism but rather in the eagerness with which contemporary young Jews listen to the voice of Margaret Sanger and other prophets.

Once born, Jews must get food, clothing and shelter. Are they, in America, deprived of or restricted in their means of existence by a "quota system"? Are they in any way more restricted than Italians, Swedes, Irishmen, Yahoos, Germans, Latter-Day-Saints and other groups that constitute the American nation? Great as are the miseries of Jews Without Money, their number is only in proportion to the general poverty-stricken population. And the Jews in America who suffer from poverty, suffer from it not *because* they are Jews. In the property-less class Jews rank low in numbers. Among those few of Hebraic origin who reside in "jungles" and "ride the rods," many are merely gathering material for the reputation of a Gorky or the income of a Tully.

Nor are Jews excluded from attractive occupations by a high Christian tariff upon them. If a Jew so wishes it, he can become a farmer—and starve nobly; he can become a seaman—and starve romantically; he can become an occult philosopher and withdraw into the sand-dunes—and starve ecstatically. But Jews, being human, do not relish starvation. They have starved enough in the past, out of necessity, so when the flesh pots are again before them, the memory of forty years on such a limited diet as manna keeps their appetites whetted. For reasons too well

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known to bear repetition, Jews have developed certain aptitudes in particular professions and occupations. In these they are numerous. Law, medicine, teaching, insurance, journalism, music, acting (legitimate and illegitimate), painting, tailoring, hotel-keeping, lecturing, criticism—in all these fields Jews are fairly prominent numerically. I am of the opinion that there would not be an additional Jewish physician, lawyer, journalist, etc., were the "bar sinister" against them in these varied fields abolished. For the discrimination exists only in the imagination. The reason one hears so much about it is because Jews would like to believe it exists. It helps them individually to cover their personal difficulties with the martyr-mantle of the Sorrows of Israel.

IN THE exclusively Jewish discussions of the "problem" I am often asked: "You don't mean to tell me that you do not know that Jews are blackballed in universities, particularly in some departments? You surely know that the 'No Jews Wanted' sign hangs hidden in every employment office?"

I have often heard it. But I have never found sufficient evidence to convince me. I do not for a moment doubt that there are employers who have prejudices against Jews. There are also employers who have prejudices against Japanese. Others have prejudices against Chinese. Still others would not have a Swede, or a Frenchman, or a Hindu, or an Englishman, or even a Negro work for them. I have known a nurse who claimed that she was often out of a job because people discriminated against her religion, Catholicism. Prejudices are strange things. I, for one, would not employ an Englishwoman by birth or tradition as a children's nurse, should that, God forbid, be necessary, though I am fully aware that my prejudice is based upon the flimsiest experience with a practical nurse who was the most impractical person I have ever met, who cooked meals the smell of which alone was sufficient to discourage the most ferocious appetite, and whose clumsy handling of our child nearly gave me apoplexy. It is utterly ridiculous to judge a nation's nurses by a single example, yet the prejudice in me is deep-rooted. It therefore seems to me marvelous that there does not exist much greater prejudice against Jews about whom so many queer myths have circulated for so many centuries. No one, in fact, did more to establish the prejudice against the Jews than their own Jehovah when he told Moses, rather disgustedly: "I have had a look at these people and they are sure a stiff-necked race!" and then insisted upon having his pronouncement recorded in Exodus, XXXII:9.

The real difficulty is not so much with the prejudices as with the uses Jews make of them. I have known instances where superior men were replaced by, or rejected in preference to, inferior men. Those among the rejected who were Jews immediately raised the Lewisohn-wail. Were one to investigate the facts in the few cases I have in mind, he would have found that the rejected men, truly superior in their respective fields, had been known to trespass social tabus, and would have been rejected were they even direct descendants of George Washington.

Had Mrs. Lisberger looked about her (she had only to look across the breakfast table) she would have seen her brilliant husband who holds a very high post with a non-Jewish firm,

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which, by talent and application, he undoubtedly deserves. On a clear day, which does not happen so often in San Francisco, she could have looked across the bay to the University of California, and even at that distance she could have seen that the Jews are very well represented on the faculty, beyond any imaginable "quota system." There are undoubtedly a great many more Jews and Gentiles who would like to become professors, since they have been correctly informed that, excepting for men who are doing some special research work, teaching in universities is the laziest job in creation, and, for the amount of work done, usually the best paid. Naturally the universities can not absorb all applicants. And just as naturally some of the Jewish aspirants read *Upstream* and sigh aloud.

On the other hand there are many Lucilles, Barbaras, Florences and Madeleines holding jobs, their employers not knowing whether they are Jewish or not simply because they have changed their Cohen, Levy, Levin and Shlemiel to Kohl, Leigh, deLein and McCarthy. By just looking at them one *can not* tell whether they are Jews, and they themselves, when expedient, *do not* tell. Much less unlike the rest of Americans than in appearance are the second and third generation Jews in the actual content of their lives.

MRS. LISBERGER, to indicate her deeply troubled confusion, cites the case of Dr. Michelson, whose passing Arthur Brisbane lamented with: "The death of Dr. Michelson is a loss to science and the world. His life honors his country, his family and the Jewish race." To which Mrs. Lisberger adds: "It would doubtless have surprised the renowned paragrapher to have found Jews reading his tribute with an indulgent smile rather than a pleased smirk." There was no more reason for them to have smirked at Brisbane's tribute than that they should have smiled indulgently. Mrs. Lisberger concludes: "For the knowledge that the famous man was Jewish came as a surprise to them, so completely had his scientific interests detached him from his Semitic ones." It seems rather incredible to me that Jews were surprised that "the famous man was Jewish," for I was under the impression that the first sentence a Jewish child learns, is: "If it is famous it *must* be Jewish!" Hillel was Jewish; Jesus was Jewish; Christopher Columbus was Jewish. "A golden land, America!" Jews in Poland sighed during the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln. "Jews are free there. They even have a Jewish President, Abraham!" Then there are Charlie Chaplin (whose real name, rumor has it, is Chaayim Goldmark), Barbara Stanwyck (whose real name is Bassya Stopitzky), Greta Garbo (daughter of a Polish cantor, Garberman)—Jews all by the very fact that they are notables. Jews have not yet claimed Herbert Hoover as a coreligionist, but if he is reëlected, his family tree will undoubtedly be subjected to a rigorous reinvestigation, the Hoover-Fleishhacker alliance will be reinterpreted, and *Der Forwarts* or *Die Warheit* will discover that President Hoover is, after all, a direct descendant of the justly renowned beadle, Moyshe Hooverman of Prague.

Whether surprised or not, there can be no doubt but that Jews would have delighted in Dr. Michelson's neglect of his scientific interests, after he earned his fame, for the participation in "Semitic ones"—to the glory of Israel. Rich

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Jews would have gladly shaken his hand and slapped his back, as if to say: "It's awright, we Jews can show 'em!" And poorer ones would have pointed him out to their progeny as a symbol of the reward that comes to those who bring home a straight "A" report-card. But what are the living cultural "Semitic" forces that might have lured Dr. Michelson away from his scientific interests? Contemporary Anglo-Jewish literature is a sickly affair. Jewish art is non-existent. Jewish music wheezes out its thin sounds in the almost-empty synagogues for the benefit of old ladies rapidly growing deaf. Zionism apparently did not attract Dr. Michelson, as it does not attract many other intellectual Jews. As for Jewish religion in America—the good Lord preserve us!

It is interesting to note that religion, the major cause of Jewish persecution in the past, enjoys in America the broadest approval of Christian opinion. A synagogue-attending Jew is more favored than an atheist, an agnostic or even a convert to other faiths. Whether this friendliness toward synagogual Judaism is due to the characterlessness of Anglo-Jewish religion, the decline of religious influence in general, or the abysmal ignorance of what is commonly called "public opinion" does not here matter. The fact remains that religion, the most distinguishing mark which rubber-stamps a person as Jewish and as Kosher, rarely, if ever, enters into the complaint against the "quota system."

THE cry, "Quota, quota, sinister bar," is raised most loudly in the instance of education. Jewish "lads" clamor thirstily for knowledge, but a wicked Nordic ban keeps them within sight but not within reach of the life-giving stream. Mrs. Lisberger claims, quite correctly, that "the finest educational and recreational resources in the country are open only to a restricted number of the Jewish group—and these on the basis of competing with each other." It is, however, equally true that the same "finest educational and recreational resources in the country are open only to a restricted number" of any group—of those who can compete with each other on the basis of wealth and social position. Though it may be true that Jews are expected to be a little richer than others to get their sons and daughters into the presumably "finest educational and recreational" institutions, they are nevertheless graded on the basis of wealth and not race. If necessary, and many of them don't wait for that eventuality, the very rich Jews join the Episcopal Church or some other socially high denomination and with one jump expect to hurdle the "quota system." And they do it not because they are ready to make a painful sacrifice so that their children could have the opportunity of a better education, as was the case with some parents in pre-revolutionary Russia, but rather to attain for themselves higher social position—in which field, I grant, there exists a very definite "quota system."

To H. L. Mencken is credited the popular story about a certain wealthy New York Jewess who joined the Episcopal Church in the hope of meeting there socially prominent Christians. When after some time she was not introduced to any members of the congregation, she complained to the minister. Graciously he invited her to his study to meet other members of his flock. When she arrived there, he introduced her: "Mrs. Arnstock, I want you to

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meet Mrs. Fleishman, Mrs. Berkowitz and Mrs. Piepernoter." To which Mrs. Arnstock responded: "Oh! We've met before, I believe, in Temple Sh'erith Yisroel!"

Upon diagnosis the Jewish "problem" in America reports acute pain exactly in the spot of social position. It is a Jewish problem only in its potentialities—only in so far as all Jews hope to become rich, and many rich Jews ache with the desire to be accepted socially by rich Gentiles.

Mrs. Lisberger's example of the school in the Far West, intended to prove the opposite, really proves my point. She tells of a school that was started for the purpose of assuring growing children a preparatory school with some definite educational advantages. The application of Jewish children was apparently so great that, were they all admitted, the student body would have been essentially Jewish. "This would have acted as a boomerang," says Mrs. Lisberger. "For as soon as it became evident that the school was to be a '*succès juive*' the Nordic group would not have sought entrance, and the Jews, objecting strongly to introducing the ghetto idea in the West . . . would have withdrawn their children." Apparently the idea behind the school was not to establish a superior educational institution for educational purposes, but a more exclusive school for the proper mixing of socially prominent little Jews with socially prominent little Nordics.

Not even by the farthest stretch of the imagination can this complicated scheming on the part of some rich Jews to gain an invitation for tea from a Crocker or to a musicale from a Tobin be considered a "Jewish" problem. The Jewish masses do not adhere to their faith in order to gain the world's respect, nor do they cast it off in order to avoid being penalized for it. The destiny of Judaism is not in the hands of those who can ask complicated questions to which there are no answers. Great social and economic forces will determine that.

Within the last century Judaism has found it necessary to seek refuge in change in a rapidly changing world. Pious Orthodoxy turned polite Conservatism and obliging Reform Judaism. The difference between the three has been summed up by a humorist as: The Orthodox Jew says, "*Nu, nu, nu*?" the Conservative Jew says, "*Nu, nu*?" and the Reform Jew says, "*Nu*?"

But already, and quite emphatically, the great majority of the younger Jewish generation prefer to say, "Izatso?"

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Books and Nerves

By Montrose J. Moses

Our heroes are transformed by our own neuroses

At the outset, let me state my own position: I strongly believe in a high protective tariff on the best things in literature, art and music — to keep the spirit from being crushed by the inflow of cheaper creative labor and cheaper literary goods. I would rather, with Omar, have a book of verses beneath the bough than the latest edition of a picture tabloid by a Nedick orangeade stand. But, on the other hand, I do wish to keep abreast of the contemporary; I must recognize other times, other ways. There are new advances to be reckoned with, new vistas to adjust ourselves to, new reaches of science. We are not in that frame of mind to live a quiet life among masterpieces: we are so thrillingly alive, amidst the rapidly shifting events of time and place, that we can not sit still for a moment. We have scuttled the ship of tradition and are seeking new relationships, new moorings. How can we, in such an atmosphere, have patience to take Matthew Arnold's yardstick of excellence, and measure what is meaningful and contemporary to our lives with the best that has been thought and written in the past? There is no place, in the general scheme of modern life, for contemplation, for introspection. He who runs may read, they say. Well, we are racing!

This has had its nervous reaction on the younger generation; it has quickened the tempo of education, until children have been drummed rapidly into adolescence. Yet, it takes just so long to be a child, even though we are forever trying to skip a grade. Unrest invades the nursery. The young person, today, is an expert in his games; he is encouraged to be journalistic in his reading; he is distracted by the movies and the comics. The realism of his toys blunts his imagination, makes him dissatisfied with "Let's pretend" unless, at basis, he has the replica of reality to go on. "Chu-chu" has abdicated in favor of an electric train with a thoroughgoing knowledge of railroad systems and paraphernalia. The baby is too early sophisticated.

Necessarily, there has been crowded out of the child's life most of that which was once accounted necessary to his future culture. I will not gainsay that, maybe, in its stead, we are building other mainstays of his existence. We may

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steadily progress, but there come moments in our lives when we must fall back on ourselves; we must take stock of what we possess, which, in its fulness or incompleteness, is a measure, not of adaptability to our surroundings, but of our worth as human beings. There are permanent values that are no less permanent because of the new. How far shall education take cognizance of these? The pressure of our life is on the schools. The grip of our education is relaxing on the past. Can there be a reconciliation, a compromise, which, in any way, will assure us the Matthew Arnold ideals of a cultured life? We know perfectly well, in art, that Matisse does not obliterate Rembrandt; in music, that Stravinsky does not unsettle Beethoven, Bach and Brahms; in drama, that Pirandello, Georg Kaiser and Lenormand do not impoverish Shakespeare. But we also know that, as contemporary beings, it is necessary to go forth from schools and colleges, from museums and libraries, into the open road of life and be alive to conditions as they are, now and here.

Yet we are forever turning back for inspiration, for interpretation, to the springs of other ages. The architect must know his Greek proportions, the poet must know his Chaucer, the schoolman must know his Thirteenth Century, the scientist must know his Darwin, Huxley and Spencer; the teacher must know his Rousseau. The child may abhor the sedateness of Plutarch; he must not be allowed to forget the heroes Plutarch wrote about. No modern tongue can afford, nor be allowed to say "Apple sauce!" to our heritage, even if Greek has ceased being a requirement in colleges. The phrase keeps ringing in my ears: "the outworn mythology of Keats." Is that really why our children no longer read Greek and Norse legends? The Bible is no longer an imposed study. Are we not by that the more beggared? Supplementary reading in the schools is full of evidence that props have to be put beneath classical literature for modern understanding. In fact, it is often with difficulty that we can find the literature amidst the flood of footnotes.

Our age is dominated by scientific interest. If you know the nursery well, you will soon see that Robin Hood and King Arthur have a difficult time of it in competition with airplanes and radio. Gone are the days of the slow moving story for boys, who find *Tom Brown at Rugby* and *Tom Brown at Oxford* heavy beside the spirited newspaper or radio reports of Notre Dame's prowess on the gridiron. Our modern minstrel and minstrelsy come from the loudspeaker. The hero we most admire is living in our midst. Maybe, after all, we *are* creating our own mythology. Jesse James figures in balladry. Looking for the Golden Fleece is nothing by the side of following the lone flight of Lindbergh. The headlines give us our sagas. Shall we expect the young person to turn from reading columns about Byrd's exploits in the Arctic to such far-off stories as the wanderings of Ulysses? The schools insist on current events!

I suppose the educator, who frames curricula for the multitudes, has his moments of despair. He feels, as

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Quiller-Couch, writing his estimable *On the Art of Reading*, felt: "Against knowledge I have, as the light cynic observed of a certain lady's past, only one serious objection — that there is so much of it." And, because there is so much of it, we have direct products of our time in certain types of books: Wells's *Outline of History*, the Beards' *Rise of Civilization*, epitomes of the past which seem to say: "Well, that's done. Let's get along with the present!"

I know a child upon whom the present tugs hard at the territory of his fancies. I have debated long with myself as to what should be done to give him at least a glimpse into that literary past which, as an older person immersed in the affairs of his own generation, he will not have the time — to say nothing of the inclination — to enjoy. The mechanical magazines offer him monthly more marvels than Aladdin's lamp might suggest. And there are marvels happening daily in the laboratories the world over. Shall I take away the magazines, and leave him only the *Arabian Nights?* I believe not, advocate though I am of the *Thousand and One Nights*. Is not the Wizard of Electricity, whose incandescence brightens the room in which the child moves, nearer the spiritual needs of the young person than the Magic Carpet or Roger Bacon's alchemy? The past, maybe, can only be worked into education as an accessory to the present. Daniel Boone must stand the test as backwoodsman of the Boy Scout. The ancient Olympic games of the Greeks are of meaning only in contrast with the greatest modern record on the sports field. We may, after all, be learning that life moves in cycles, that we accumulate too much, weighting the spirit, instead of allowing it to get, as something entirely fresh and new, the thrill of our own time.

YET, a sense of continuity — a re-viewing, a re-valuation — is the fertilizer of new thought. It is necessary that our education give us realization of this continuity. But does it? In a thousand and one small ways there have been brought home to me the *ignorant* ignoring of background, the uncreative planning of required reading in class, which lead to dulness of interest and to a residue of drudgery remembered. It is not necessary, when reading Masefield's poetry, to know Chaucer, but, in the beautiful use of simple words, Chaucer is Masefield's ancestor.

That is one isolated instance of a golden path, a royal road along which civilizing influences have moved, and should move. There are many such infinite strands that pledge us and tie us to our past. For all we may argue to the contrary, the drama would never have been what it is in its history without Aristotle. Our architecture, resembling the primitive cliff, is subject to some of the laws known to the pyramid builders; the latest star discovery owes something to Galileo. It remains to be seen whether or not our five working days, our thirteen-month year will prevail over the ancient calendar. Time moves in eternity; the contemporary is almost a trite phrase, so small is it. Yet, it is a blessing to the educator. It tells him where to concentrate.

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For, concentrate he must, if democracy is to be educated. We must follow the trend of human affairs, or turn recluse. Scholarship is vindicated only when it hitches a golden strand of the past, not to a star, but to a motor. Not many years ago, education was fearful of opening the schoolroom door to the contemporary. It was regarded as too transitory, too uncertain in values or in permanence. Distance, not nearness, creates perspective, so the schools argued. You could not get any nearer the contemporary in drama, for instance, than Sheridan. But part of the nervous tension of our age comes from a realization that time is short and the history of civilization is long, and that the contemporary is essential to present needs. Hence, we retell our past in nuggets of information. Maybe some minds do profit by the retold habit. Yet I have never found a retold Shakespearean play driving readers to Shakespeare, despite Lamb. He, a passionate lover of Shakespeare, in his *Tales from Shakespeare*, was doing hack work. We think that if we cut into the heart of the past, and take from it the essential facts — mind you, not the essential spirit — we are on the road to culture. I have seen Cooper's Indian stories edited so as to make the narrative swift; I have read a version of *Westward Ho!* where many thousands of Kingsley's words have been cut out; I have found Copperfield, Dombey and Nickleby reduced to short stories of three thousand words for quick consumption. Even certain popular magazines measure the time it takes to read each article. We have fifteen minute periods on the radio. The old leisurely style has been repudiated.

Sad as it may seem, style in the old sense has gone. Our life has a tempo that is new, far removed from even so near a moment as the Victorian era, even a nearer moment such as the 'Nineties. We have created a style of our own out of our nerves. I have no quarrel with that. Words beat upon the modern brain with a more rapid beat, with less classical and calming beat. The baton of life is lifted for jazz. Yet it would seem that, where children are concerned, this inrush of the contemporary should have some steadying basis. And this comes from a familiarity with the best that has been thought and created in the world of art and letters. Governments have a way of falling, and we are not so sure of the stability of nations as we used to be. We have seen them crumble before our eyes. We have found in the schools our histories outmoded before they were outworn. And still the world moves on. What shall we do about it? Is Greek civilization more significant for us than the Soviet experiment? Shall it be one or the other in our education, or both? Shall we take time away from Mussolini to read of Caesar? History points to the lesson of Ozymandias, King of Kings, for the moral. These analogies, these inferences in history can not mean much to children who are not in possession of the facts, and I suppose schools will have to cram such fundamental, preparatory detail into routine work.

But the genuine originality of Hendrick Van Loon's historical texts and pictures lies in the fact that

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some of this inference, some of this analogy is made clear by a narrative and a visual creativeness that prick the spirit of the event with a vivid pen point. For, after all, history is the story of great men; reforms — as Emerson puts it — were once private opinions; and character — good or bad — has moved the world. Our former histories have cut human progress into slices, but the restless interest of our own time in contemporary events has allowed us to re-write — both for young and old — in a way that shows the drama of the human action, and the characters moving in the plot. When Strachey wrote his *Queen Victoria*, readers exclaimed over such interest being created around so dull a little person. Newspaper syndicates — in our era of journalistic sensationalism — published this biography in the daily prints. Strachey did no violence to the events; he merely proved that the creative writer of history could hold his own with the documentary historian. Lord Charnwood's *Lincoln*, Maurois' *Byron*, Emil Ludwig's *Bismarck*, Claude Bowers' *Hamilton* and *The Party Battles of the Jackson Period* — all of them point to the new style which has been popularly accepted and which could very well be applied to the writing of history for children. It might be challenged that we do not find the juvenile taste relishing Miss Strickland's *Queens of England* or Plutarch's *Lives*. But that is not a challenge of the method. Rather is it another evidence of our nervous age which can not pause — merely because it has, for the present, lost the art of rest — but which seeks a style in accord with its own restlessness. It is a verification of Browning's "the need of a world of men for me." We are living in an era of tests and solutions; our only hope is in catching the golden strands of our historical past, and making each one a prologue to a drama of the present. Roger Bacon's concern for and prophecy of flying are overtures to Lindbergh.

This might suggest to us that, in our educational programmes, room should be made for a teacher who is a liaison officer; who keeps such strands unbroken, live wires in the minds of the young. For, if we are not made dull by the process of remembering the past, history, even if fictionized, will not become a task. Schoolbook writers are conscious of the fact that the past has to be woven into the present, and, such a manual as Millikan's *Practical Physics* is so constructed as to apply the fundamentals of historical progress with personality to the modern accomplishment. There are, I believe, arithmetics so conceived as to catch the interest of the airplane builder. The past, the fundamentals of the past, are thus vitalized in the light of the present.

There has been an inclination to laugh to scorn that college which has made room on its faculty for a professorship of books. But there are evidences of a wider and wider public clamor for guidance in the art of reading — clamoring merely because the nerves are drawn taut — even among children — and there is felt need for resiliency of spirit which comes through contact with books. When we do want culture, we want it in a hurry, as we want everything else. Tragically, we realize that we need culture. In a machine life, you

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can suffice with cleverness and with aptness to manipulate the machine. But the humanizing of oneself does not come through clever manipulation. The mind may be whipped into the strait-jacket of fact. But it is rigid before the yielding grace of the arts. It is not for nothing that Einstein plays the violin, or that such a practical politician as Charles Dawes should compose music. I met a tobacco merchant recently who spent his evenings reading Shakespeare and amusing himself with the science of numbers. Owen Young is a book collector. One would be surprised to find how many men — in their busy concrete lives — appeal frantically to colleges for culture. That is the reason for adult education.

Examine the book queries in our weekly journals. Readers cry aloud for the book doctor. Fairly representative of such appeals — showing that basic preparation for living has been neglected in the schooling — is the request of a convalescent who wrote: "I am getting over the grippe. I wish you would tell me some fiction to read, preferably stories that will help me to keep out of the dumps."

I ask you if, in your busy lives, you are able to keep in touch with all this world of the intellect? If you can not, in the contemporary life, how can you ever deal with the thought of the past? The circulation of such a paper as *The Literary Digest* would suggest that there is an almost passionate desire to keep abreast of the time, and an almost passionate consciousness that — whatever education one possesses — there is lacking the sufficient background of the past to make it active as a cultural source. Professional men find little leisure to read the new literature, even that bearing on their own work; yet, such cross-fertilization is essential to their progressiveness, to their human responsiveness. A certain college has found it wise to warn its alumni of this fact. A list is kept of its graduates, with their business interests, and, intermittently, there is sent to each man a list of the new books bearing on his work. Speed and nerves and bibliographical palliatives, because the cultural equipment to sustain one in living has long been discarded in education — primary, elementary, preparatory and collegiate — by the pressure of the utilitarian need! The sense of the contemporary has deadened the sense of continuous relationship.

I often wonder, however, whether our most popular novels — those that are the best sellers, those that are the prize winners — are really reflective of our nervousness, or if they do not drive home the fact that we have keen interest in the contemporary reactions in our own lives. Surely, H. G. Wells has got away with a host of sociological doctrines which in essay form would never have been acceptable. Surely, Charles Morgan has not had to sacrifice one iota of his philosophical preachment of the contemplative life in his *The Fountain;* surely, Cronin's *Hatter's Castle* was not handicapped by its length or by lack of its swiftness; surely John Erskine has nothing to complain of in his choice of a classical theme in *Helen of Troy.* Nervousness on our part may have developed in us an acuteness which may be just as productive of good results as contemplation. But it is

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this acuteness that has resulted in our nervousness and restlessness. I attended a religious conference not many years ago. Educators — some two hundred of them — assembled to discuss the religious life on the school campus. It was granted that, once the contemporary interest in football was satisfied, boys usually settled down to a discussion of their personal destiny. *Whence* and *whither* were the subjects that inveigled them. The general belief was that the younger generation were spiritual-minded, that they were impatient of the old theological jargon and that they could not reconcile preachment with moral conduct in daily living. Yet, those educators did not know any remedy to offer, except maybe a change in the hymnology — the words, not the music. What they cried out for was Christian leadership. In every direction of our contemporary world we are crying out for leadership. The lack of it is the canker of our present living.

Let us start at the breakfast table, for, after all, the bustle of our daily lives keeps us apart, except when we meet for meals. We have the newspaper, reflective of our contemporary selves, of our variegated activities — an organ that very efficiently keeps us abreast of the times in politics, in administration, in social problems, in business affairs, but which is also the arch-gossip of lurid happening, brought about so largely by our speed of life, by our nervous tension. Here is the plain statement of fact; stripped of decoration, it rushes to the bone of sensationalism. The young person, attempting to square life with moral standards, finds them all reversed in the news prints. Social justice — where is it? When we do find it, we shout, "That's to our credit," when it should be regarded as the natural thing. The sanctity of the marriage contract — where does it tend? Do the good prosper, or does prosperity follow him who most clearly "gets away with it"? No wonder our young people are distraught. Where will they find moorings if leadership does not more vitally interpret the religious formula and bend it to the spiritual need and to the emotional response of the present? I do not know which is worse for children in their literature — the old-fashioned tale of sentimental goodness, or the modern tale with the wrong interpretation of success. When I first began reviewing children's books, I was deluged with fiction that was so perplexed in its weighing of right and wrong, of good and bad, that I quite relished the undisguised demarcation between heaven and hell in *The New England Primer*. Divine grace and reverence need to be slipped under the nursery door, if they can not be crammed through the keyhole of the schoolroom. It needs to be shown more plainly that the modern counterpart of the medieval saint in solitude is the scientist in his laboratory, reverent before a fact he has discovered as a contribution to the truth we are groping for.

At the same breakfast table, the elders talk of sex as though it were given away with a pound of tea. Yet, though they know it to be a problem in education, to be dealt with frankly but wisely, they boast of it blatantly. There is moral cant on one hand and moral license on the other. But, let a dramatist, as a

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contemporary observer of life, reflect this talk, show its reactions and consequences — the mother and father assume the cloak of conservatism and raise a hullabaloo about the moral iniquity of the stage. Mayhap, at that very moment their children are at the movies. Look at your centre table where the latest fiction is kept. Do you give thought to the fact that your girl — in what the librarians call the betwixt-and-between age — is likely to read these books, not because she wants them, but because they are the only books within her reach? The world is too much with her. Her nerves are drawn to the tension of her elders.

I am no prude regarding these matters. But I believe much energy in education is misdirected, much youthful attention is misguided. And, for that reason I believe that reading should find a definite recognition in all educational systems; that it should not only be a required study for teachers, but a recreative period in the day's work for the child. There are certain required readings in every school; but they are tasks that carry with them only secondary pleasurable intentions. I am constantly surprised how very little the average teacher knows of the great books of the world. For, no matter how contemporary you make the child, there are books which he should necessarily know about. Otherwise, sooner or later, he is going to be made consciously aware of his lack. To be given time to browse in a book! Every great book has its time in the growth of a child. If pedagogy wants an absorbing theme, it is to discover the hour of a book that strikes in the interest of the young person. It is a mystery, like the opening of a flower in the early moments of the morning. I recall one year trying to read *Alice in Wonderland* to my boy: he would have none of it. But, the very next year, he would not let me put it down until it was finished. So it was with *Treasure Island;* so it was with *Ivanhoe*. Schools do not pay sufficient attention to the habits of reading. And now they face the terrible gap which must be filled, if the leisure hours are increased. People must be prepared culturally (I dislike the word, but there is no better) to meet this leisure. Surely speed will not suffice. Nor will the movies.

A TALL, well-groomed man — top hat, frock coat, silver-headed cane — called upon the dean of a certain university. It was during the Great War. He introduced himself. "I am an official of a large corporation," he said, "inventor and designer of the motor that has made us famous." The man was glib, with the assurance of the self-made individual. "I am called upon every year to meet distinguished people here and abroad," he continued. "It is inevitable that I should be invited to cultured homes to dine. There I meet others in every walk of life. I am unable to keep pace with their conversation." That was his confession. He turned to the dean in despair. "What can I do to get some of this thing you call culture?" The dean was not unfamiliar with the plea. He gave his usual answer. "The university is not a mental hospital," he explained. "But I'll pay you for it," his visitor promised, "for it, I'll endow any chair in any department

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your president desires." "Culture can not be bought," replied the dean. It is such a catastrophe education needs to cope with.

"I can only speak spool cotton," I was once told by a man in a high advisory capacity. Which is only another way of saying that our lack of association with the best that has been thought and written has deprived us of the language that is tempered. Somehow, simile and metaphor have been crowded from our speech. Maybe terseness is a good substitute. Maybe Shakespeare is to be pitied that he knew not the rhythms of "It's up to you," and Milton the accentuation of "Believe me." Maybe there is virtue in the Bible that has been recast in popular idioms. Whichever way you turn the dial — toward contemporary slang, which I do not deprecate, or back to the Chaucerian endings, which I enjoy — certain it is that contemporary education does not heed the mother tongue sufficiently.

The tendency in these oppressive days is not to stay at home in leisure time, but to beat the hours by getting elsewhere, anywhere, before something or anything begins. That is the penalty of living in a nervous age. But, even though children may have caught this restlessness, education is unwise not to insist that, at specified times in the curriculum, the student be required to lose himself in a book, under the proper physical conditions of quiet and ease. The unfortunate thing is that this can only be done if examining boards consent to give credits for culture! Then culture would become a necessity, and maybe, if academically stamped, would cease being a virtue, a humanizing asset. Grace of spirit isn't caught that way!

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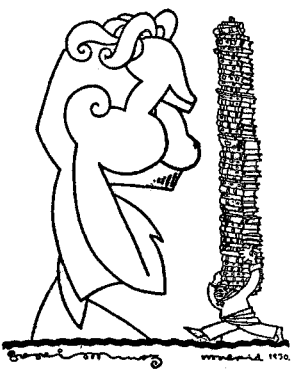
THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



NO TROUBLE at all to imagine long winter nights made for reading, with a sky of October blue arching overhead, sapphire water through trees just beginning to lose their summer green, and a bite in the breeze, even though it is not yet the middle of September. And no more trouble for the prospective reader to make satisfactory selections from the publishers' offerings, richer than they have been for several seasons, richer in quality and less confusing in quantity. Fewer books are at hand, because of economic conditions that are at last having their influence even upon the incurable optimists who run publishing houses; better books for no discernible reason except that established authors have done their work in spite of the depression. The season already begun has given us novels of the quality of Ellen Glasgow's *The Sheltered Life*, required reading for every intelligent American who appreciates the importance of good fiction as an interpretation of life, and who can rejoice in the appearance of a really mature piece of work, that rarest of rare phenomena in this country of ours, whose spirit seems to run counter to the slow process of intellectual ripening. And ahead, what a feast! A continuation of Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*, called *Sons* (John Day, $2.50), a long, full, rich novel of China that will not disappoint any readers of the earlier book. A novel by Edith Wharton, *The Gods Arrive* (Appleton, $2.50) on a theme of revolt with which this author is thoroughly familiar; a new novel by Thomas Wolfe, author of *Look Homeward, Angel*—the new volume as yet without a title—doubly interesting because it will serve as a gauge of the possibilities of a young author who leaped to fame overnight; a full-length novel by Sherwood Anderson called *Beyond Desire* (Liveright, $2.50), the first important piece of work from this typewriter in several years; an historical novel by DuBose Heyward, *Peter Ashley* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), into which a great deal of work has gone, and which will certainly be worth reading; *East of Eden* by Isa Glenn (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a story of New York's literary circle by a novelist of real and highly individual talents; Martha Ostenso's *Prologue to Love* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), sure to be good reading, as Miss Ostenso has kept at an even pace since her début with *Wild Geese*, although she has not altogether lived up to the high promise of her earlier work.

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England Sends These

THESE from America alone, with England not far behind. John Galsworthy's *Flowering Wilderness* (Scribner, $2.50); Phyllis Bentley's *Inheritance* (Macmillan, $2.50), already mentioned in these columns, and a novel of several generations done with solidity and reliability; Ann Bridge's *Peking Picnic* (Little, Brown, $2.50), a novel of diplomatic life in the Chinese capital shrewdly and entertainingly done from the inside, and certain to please the more intelligent readers of fiction; Hugh Walpole's addition to the chronicles of the Herries family, *The Fortress* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a long novel with the merits and defects of Mr. Walpole's other work, but good reading in any case; *Family History* by V. Sackville-West (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50); and *The Shadow Flies* by Rose Macaulay (Harper, $2.50). Readers in search of a good romantic novel need look no further than Maurice Walsh's *Blackcock's Feather* (Stokes, $2). Mr. Walsh wrote *The Key Above the Door* several years ago; it sticks firmly in the Landscaper's mind as one of the most delightful novels of its type that has appeared in years, and the new book is as good.

Good Non-Fiction Also

MUCH of the important non-fiction of the season is already out or else the Landscaper has been unable to procure advance copies, and these books will be discussed later. A few of the titles still to come that ought to be worth watching for are these: Paul Hutchinson's *Storm Over Asia* (Holt, $2.50), a complete examination of the Far Eastern situation by an authority on the subject; *The Wife of Rosetti* by Violet Hunt (Dutton, $4), an account of the goings-on of the very un-Victorian Pre-Raphaelites by a woman who is a prize gossip-writer, and never dull even when most garrulous; *The Scottish Queen* by Herbert Gorman (Farrar and Rinehart, $3.75), a biography of Mary, Queen of Scots, on which Mr. Gorman has been at work for months, and which is certain to be a real contribution, as well as first-rate reading; *The Great American Land Bubble* by A. M. Sokalski (Harper, $3.50), a serious book on a serious subject; *High Low Washington* by "30 32" (Lippincott, $2.50), still another exposé of life in our national capital; *Let's Operate* by Dr. R. H. McKay and Norman Beasley (Long and Smith, $3), a surgeon's book on operations with some apparent truths in it that will not be relished by members of the medical profession without a sense of humor—there are doctors who do not forget the bogus elements of their "science"; and *Titans of Literature* by Burton Rascoe (Putnam, $3.75), a history of literature told in terms of short biographies of great authors. Mr. Rascoe is one of those extremely fortunate people who seem unable to write dully about anything, and however much the academic may be inclined to quarrel with some of his judgments in this book, it will be worth reading.

Mr. Chase's Way Out

SO MUCH for the outlook. Already at hand are many important books for serious-minded Americans. We may as well start with Stuart Chase's *A New Deal* (Macmillan, $2.50), since Mr. Chase has made himself the spokesman for an active group of open-minded people, and has done yeoman work in attacking many phases of the bunk that

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permeated American life in the boom period. For this job, he deserves the deepest thanks from all of us; the Landscaper has sometimes thought his book, written with F. J. Schink and called *Your Money's Worth*, marked a sort of turning point in contemporary history. Mr. Chase did not stop with this delightful and refreshing exposé of the methods of our pure advertising profession and our ever-so-virtuous industrial leaders; he went on to help establish Consumer's Research, another triumph. Besides all this, he writes engagingly and knows how to make economics interesting to any one who can read without moving the lips. *A New Deal* is a book about collectivism, in which Mr. Chase believes very firmly. He is confident, in other words, that a planned economic system, with engineers and economists in charge, would have everything to be said for it as opposed to the existing capitalistic order, whose present breakdown is so profoundly shocking in spite of the insistence of gentlemen like Mr. Herbert Hoover that the collapse occurred as a result of outside pressure and not because of structural defects within. Mr. Chase's book bears a striking resemblance to many volumes of its general order that have been commented upon here in that it is sound and not to be quarreled with so long as it is engaged in pointing out the flaws in the existing system; it seems to this cynical observer to go somewhat haywire when it discusses constructive plans for a way out.

Is Russia Our Ideal?

MR. CHASE and his fellow collectivists can not forget Russia; the present book ends with a remark something like this: "Why should Russia have all the fun?" The flaw in this argument is fundamental, because nobody knows just how much fun Russia is having, but if she is having any, the fun results from a set of circumstances in no respect parallel to those existing in this country today. Then, too, it is essential that one have faith in the wisdom of scientists in general, and engineers and economists in particular, before it is possible to subscribe to Mr. Chase's theories. This faith the Landscaper lacks; as a young man, filled with ideals, he fought the battle of good government in more than one city — city managers and all that — and always saw scientific planning, even on a small scale, defeated by the general cussedness of the voters, or perhaps it was their inherent belief in their wisdom on all subjects that did the trick. This, of course, is debating with Mr. Chase's theories rather than writing about his book, and the book is a good one, sound or not in all its particulars. Until Mr. Chase and his engineer-economists can take over the Government, a useful volume of recent publication will be *Emergency Relief Work* by Joanna Colcord, William G. Koplovitz, and Russell H. Kurtz (Russell Sage Foundation, $1.50), which explains how twenty-six communities set up their relief organizations in 1930–1931, and tells in great detail of the most satisfactory methods of handling men and women who are out of jobs and willing to do something to earn bread and meat. It is a more scientific volume than *A New Deal*, and, as has been suggested, more immediately useful.

What America Is Like

THIS COUNTRY OF YOURS by Morris Markey (Little, Brown, $3) records the impressions of an excellent

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reporter, received during 16,000 miles of travel all over America. Mr. Markey was curious to see what the United States was like, and like the good newspaperman he is, went straight to the source for his information. He traveled in a Ford east and west, north and south, talking to all kinds of people and keeping his eyes and ears wide open. His conclusions are that this is a lovable country, but that its people are suffering acutely from want of leadership, and are profoundly cynical or apathetic about their Government, and about the future of the country. In other words, that they have lost faith, don't know where they are going, and do not seem to care very much. The Landscaper liked Mr. Markey's book, which is good reading, and perhaps ought to be genuinely alarming, but the trouble with generalizations such as those just mentioned is that they have always been true of any large section of the human race at any given time. They are suspiciously applicable to any period, and therefore lose some of their edge.

There is little doubt of the truth of the charge of lack of leadership, but this, after all, is a democracy, and democracies, in theory, at least, do not need leaders; they are governed and controlled by the wisdom of the masses, through whom God speaks in no uncertain tones. One suspects that Mr. Markey's book would, if it were read, give pain to some of the people who cling to the notion that this country, even in a depression, is a favored land, and free from the pains and miseries that irk less fortunate nations. A spate of books exposing Washington may have had something to do with the rise of cynicism in this country; *More Merry-Go-Round* is a current best-seller and as full of gossip as its predecessor, which tended to make the statesmen of the period look like bumpkins and zanies. *Washington Swindle Sheet,* by William P. Helm (Albert and Charles Boni, $2.50) is another book of the same sort, except that it is not anonymous, and confines its scope to an attack upon petty waste and graft by United States Senators. Mr. Helm is a Washington correspondent of long experience and is careful of his facts.

A Happier Time

THERE was a happier time in the history of this country. Claude G. Bowers writes about it in his fine biography, *Beveridge and the Progressive Era* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), a fascinating portrait of an interesting politician done against a clearly seen and thoroughly well-drawn background. Beveridge belonged to the "manifest destiny" era, when America was supposed to be the light-bringer to peoples who might otherwise never know the blessings of contact with a Christian civilization such as ours. If the Japanese statesmen who are arranging affairs in Manchukuo and elsewhere need any material for orations, they might refer to Mr. Bowers's volume. Of course, the principal reason Beveridge is so much more interesting than the run of politicians of his ilk is that in his later years he settled down to literary work and produced two magnificent biographies, or one and a large part of another. Mr. Bowers can not always escape the oratorical in his style, but is unfailingly interesting on any phase of American politics. Other recent books that throw light upon the historical development of this country include *John Quincy Adams* by Bennett Champ Clark (Little, Brown-Atlantic

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Monthly Press, $3.75), a scholarly and readable account of the life of a grand old fighter, whose course covered an incredible number of the important events in the early history of the United States. He was secretary of the American legation in Petersburg at the age of fourteen, knew all the earlier leaders, such as Washington, Jefferson, etc., and was in the House of Representatives with Jefferson Davis and Lincoln; he was a member of the House, in fact, when he died at eighty. Arthur Pound has told the story of a remarkable family in *The Penns of Pennsylvania* (Macmillan, $3.50), from the doughty admiral of the Restoration, whose valiant deeds won his son the grant of land he named Penn's Woods, to the last survivor, most interesting chapter in the history of America. And that first great American rebel, who fought so determinedly for religious freedom, Roger Williams, is the subject of an excellent biography called *Roger Williams: New England Firebrand*, by James Ernst (Macmillan, $4).

With Marxian Eyes

One of the definite trends in American thought, thus far limited to a small circle of intellectuals in New York, but none the less definite, finds its complete expression in *The Liberation of American Literature* by V. F. Calverton (Scribner, $3.75), a Marxian interpretation of how we came to have the sort of literature we have. A simple statement of Karl Marx's attitude toward literary creation is that it arises invariably from a class struggle, and Mr. Calverton sets out determinedly to fit this preconceived theory to this country. His knowledge of American culture is nowhere near sufficient to give his study the proper authority; he wrenches his facts to fit his theory, and he writes carelessly and awkwardly. He belongs, however, to the proletariat group, and several of its members, some of whom ought to know better, have already praised his book as a masterpiece. Of all things in the world, Ellen Glasgow seems to have furnished this group with their battle-cry in a quite innocent and understandable remark she made some months ago; she said that in the present state of affairs she reserved most of her sympathy for the well-bred. The Marxians do not of course like the well-bred, and save all their sympathy for the under-dog, the downtrodden masses. The Marxian revolt in America is a tempest in a teapot, almost as exciting as the now-forgotten controversy over the New Humanism, and destined to exercise every bit as much influence upon life and literature in the United States.

Cheers for the Frontier

Mr. Calverton would find much to quarrel with in a striking and original work on Mark Twain by Bernard De Voto called *Mark Twain's America* (Little, Brown, $4). Mr. De Voto takes sharp issue with Van Wyck Brooks and others who have painted Mark Twain as a disappointed genius, held in tight restraint by the Puritanism of his family and friends. This is not a formal biography; it is a fine, full-blooded picture of life in early America written around the theory that Mark Twain was never anything except a frontiersman, and that his whole art derived from its frontier setting. This is a fighting book, and right or wrong, there is no doubt of Mr. De Voto's knowledge of the frontier, nor of the thoroughness of his study of Twain in relation to his background. Regardless

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of theories, however, Mark Twain's America is rousing and robust reading from a brilliant young novelist and thinker whose veins seem to contain blood rather than ice water.

In the belief that fiction offers significant commentary upon the life of the period, the Landscaper turns now to some typical American novels of the season. Some comment has been made above upon the proletariat group; a number of novelists, critics and reviewers are definitely committed to the notion that whatever they do must be Marxian or worthless. This is applying the relatively simple standard of alleged social value to writing, which has been thought for a good many years to be somewhat of an art. The Landscaper, a Tory die-hard in such matters, clings firmly to the opinion that a novel, a poem, or a critical essay may be good and valuable without a trace of social propaganda in it, and by the same token may be ever so poor however determined its author is to put over his sermon. These remarks are prompted in this instance by a statement from Sinclair Lewis that a novel by Catherine Brody called *Nobody Starves* (Longmans, Green, $2) is a proletarian novel.

Perhaps it does fall into some such classification, but as Mr. Lewis carefully points out, it also happens to be a good novel in that its characters are alive, its incidents entirely credible, its problems very close to us; its style good and its construction intelligently handled. It centres about the lives of American factory workers, those who enjoyed the blessings of the standardized system in its heyday. One will find the Ford factories in it, and not a very pleasant picture, either; nor are the other factories painted in especially glowing colors. It reads like an honest book, however; its hidden truth may have some bearing on the fact that Americans were not a happy people even during the boom times, but spent their leisure hours in trying to get as far away as possible from their usual environment. This is not the normal course for people who have jobs and homes they like. . . .

Nobody Starves is a good piece of work; its propaganda is merely the propaganda of telling the truth about a set of conditions that should never have been allowed to exist in a country that calls itself civilized.

Other "Significant" Novels

THERE are many other novels of social significance, although not always merely Marxian, and your proper follower of Marx would be the last to admit that there is any other kind of social significance. There is Emile Gauvreau's new opus, *The Scandal Monger* (Macaulay, $2), which deals with the rise and fall of the conductor of a Broadway column. Mr. Gauvreau was managing editor and publisher of the New York *Evening Graphic* during the rise of the best-known of these columnists, and so ought to know what he is talking about. It is the *Graphic* that has fallen in this case, however; the columnist seems to go bravely on. Mr. Gauvreau, who revealed the secrets of tabloid journalism in another novel of his, *Hot News*, announces that his purpose in writing *The Scandal Monger* was to warn the American people of the danger of Broadway columnists, which is a delightful piece of tabloid rationalization, paralleled by the familiar tabloid trick of running a photograph of a personable young woman with no clothes on and saying underneath: "There ought

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to be a law against this." The point is, however, that whatever Mr. Gauvreau's purpose, he has written a book of importance because of his explanation of the manner in which columnists of the type of Walter Winchell and others have come to be important figures in the life of the country, making, as Mr. Gauvreau suggests, more than the President of the United States, and perhaps wielding greater influence. . . .

Novels About the South

SPECIAL significance, too, is to be found in such novels as Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread* (Macaulay, $2), the story of a group of poor mountain whites in the South suddenly snatched from their primitive communities and turned into mill workers. This sort of thing has happened over and over again in the South during the past ten years, arousing unrestrained enthusiasm on the part of Chambers of Commerce and Rotary Clubs. Miss Lumpkin is not so enthusiastic; she can see tragedy in the situation. She is evidently thoroughly familiar with her material, and handles it with sufficient skill to make it interesting. Welbourn Kelley's *Inchin' Along* (Morrow, $2), another novel of the South, is also significant; it shows a young Alabama white man looking at his Negro neighbors with nothing except profound sympathy and understanding. The Landscaper has commented more than once upon this change of attitude on the part of the younger writers in the South, and the comments have probably lacked some of the truth they may have seemed to contain. Nearer the truth would be the statement that the South has never been without white people who understood the Negro and sympathized with him, and who detested the poor whites for taking advantage of the color of their skins to impose upon better men and women of a different color. But there is significance in the articulateness of people like Mr. Kelley; Southern writers can now tell a good deal of truth and continue to live in the South, which is certainly significant.

A Novel of Prophecy

IF ALL this talk of significance has not proved too boring by this time, the Landscaper ought to add a word or two of comment upon Frederick Palmer's *So a Leader Came*, subtitled *A Prophetic Novel* (Long and Smith, $2), in which a noted War correspondent and biographer attempts to see into the future of this country, and in the form of a novel, to tell us the story of the rise of a dictator who, backed by the youth of the land, gets us on our feet again, and dies a martyr. Prophetic novels are rarely very good, and this one is no particular exception, although any one who can be persuaded by Mr. Palmer's logic that the events he forecasts will really come to pass may feel much more cheerful after reading it.

Other Kinds of Novels

THEN there are novels that ought to be read because they are beautiful, because they convey a sense of valid emotion and life to the reader, and furnish an æsthetic experience which may be, Herr Marx to the contrary notwithstanding, quite as valuable as any "significance." One of these is Rosamond Lehmann's *Invitation to the Waltz* (Holt, $2), the third novel of one of England's most gifted writers of prose. Miss Lehmann has chosen to tell the story of a week in the life of a girl just turned seventeen; the book

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centres around the preparations for the début-dance, and the dance itself. Aside from the appeal of exquisite prose, the novel is admirable for its striking characterization, its humor, its tenderness, and its remarkably sustained mood of adolescence, that peculiar blend of comedy and tragedy which Miss Lehmann understands so well. This is not an over-long novel and reads in so straight a line that one is certain to finish it in an evening, but the echoes will endure for months — certainly they have with the Landscaper, who read the book last spring in manuscript. One wonders what the Marxians would say about a book of this kind: dismiss it, perhaps, as of no importance because it concerns itself with the well-bred; the members of the proletariat who appear in it seem pretty well contented with their lot, which is not at all as it should be.

Some of the reasons for reading *Invitation to the Waltz* also apply to Austin Clarke's *The Bright Temptation* (Morrow, $2.50), a charming tale of ancient Ireland, centring about Aidan, a student at the Abbey of Cluanmore on the Shannon. Aidan flees the Abbey to escape the Danes, and at once falls into temptation in the form of a married woman, whom he barely escapes. Then comes the lovely maiden, Ethua, and more trouble. There is tenderness in this love story, irony and wit, and broad comedy, and it ought not to be overlooked among the season's many offerings.

A New Sea-Novelist

SPACE is lacking for more than a mention of several other important novels of recent weeks, such as *Wind Driven* by Jacland Marmur (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $2), the first novel of a young Pole who, like Conrad, followed the sea before he started to write about it, a book of real and solid merit; *The Life and Adventures of Aloysius O'Callaghan* by T. Washington Metcalfe (Morrow, $2.50), a rousing, ribald account of the life of a young Irishman who rises to be dictator of a South American republic after beginning life as a stable boy; *The Years of Peace* by Norman McLeod (Century, $2.50), a second novel by the author of *Three Steeples*, praised here upon its appearance, in which Mr. McLeod deals with the years immediately following the Civil War in the Wabash Valley, and goes far to justify the hopes expressed upon the appearance of his first novel; and Paul Green's *The Laughing Pioneer* (McBride, $2), the first piece of long fiction by a distinguished young dramatist, which, while moderately interesting on account of its material, is not a novel of any especial importance, somewhat of a disappointment after Mr. Green's short stories and sketches in *Wide Fields*. Also Marcel Proust's *The Remembrance of Things Past* is now available complete in English with the appearance of *The Past Recaptured* (Albert and Charles Boni, $2.50). The uniform edition consists of seven volumes, at $2.50 each, or $3 in the original format. This is the great novel of our own period, difficult and tedious to read, but the work of a genius beyond question.

Mr. Van Loon and the Earth

OF THE miscellaneous volumes that the Landscaper has handled lately, Hendrik Willem Van Loon's *Geography* (Simon and Schuster, $3.75) is easily among the most interesting. In it, Mr. Van Loon writes of the earth we live on from the human point of

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view, and is as freshly original and consistently entertaining as usual. There are many illustrations, Mr. Van Loon's own map of the world suitable for framing, and an enormous number of pertinent observations about the human race. It ought to be good reading for any member of the family, and if the schools suddenly decided to adopt it as their geography text, maybe the millennium might seem somewhere near at hand. Running Mr. Van Loon's masterpiece a close race is A. G. Keller's *Man's Rough Road* (Stokes, $3.50), a clearly told account of the evolution of human society, which has been launched with encomia from everybody in reach, and which seems to deserve the praise that has been showered upon it. These two for their importance as well as their appeal as good books to read.

Hemingway and the Bulls

THE Landscaper's own favorite — of course it would be, since it is principally concerned with Spain — is Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* (Scribner, $3.50), an eminently practical guide to bull-fighting, a sane, level-headed discussion of a sport that occupies the minds of the people of half a dozen nations, and about which there are endless misapprehensions among North Americans. The illustrations together with Mr. Hemingway's captions form a perfect key to the sport; some of them also clearly show what is called its brutality. If the book were no more than this, it would be worth reading, but its author has put much more into it, including a great deal of his own personality, so that it reads most delightfully. Dead-and-gone New Humanism gets a healthy kick in the pants from Mr. Hemingway, in as horrible a war-story as the Landscaper has read anywhere, and there are other good points which will be mentioned later. Meantime, the book is recommended wholeheartedly, unless you know you could not in any circumstances care for bull-fighting . . . or for Hemingway.

Laughing Torso by Nina Hamnett (Long and Smith, $3) is a frank and amusing account of life in Montparnasse filled with anecdotes. H. Warner Allen's *The Romance of Wine* (Dutton, $4) is a delightful history of wine and a guide to drinking it: perhaps it would be a good thing to buy a copy and save it until the Volstead Act is repealed and the Eighteenth Amendment revoked or modified. And another book by Paul Cohen-Portheim, who has made himself one of the Landscaper's favorite authors with his *England, the Unknown Isle*, and *Time Stood Still*. The new book is *The Discovery of Europe*, and deals with an older civilization caught between the cross-fires of American capitalism and Soviet communism and their concomitant cultures. A tough spot, says Mr. Cohen-Portheim, who would like to do something about it.

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